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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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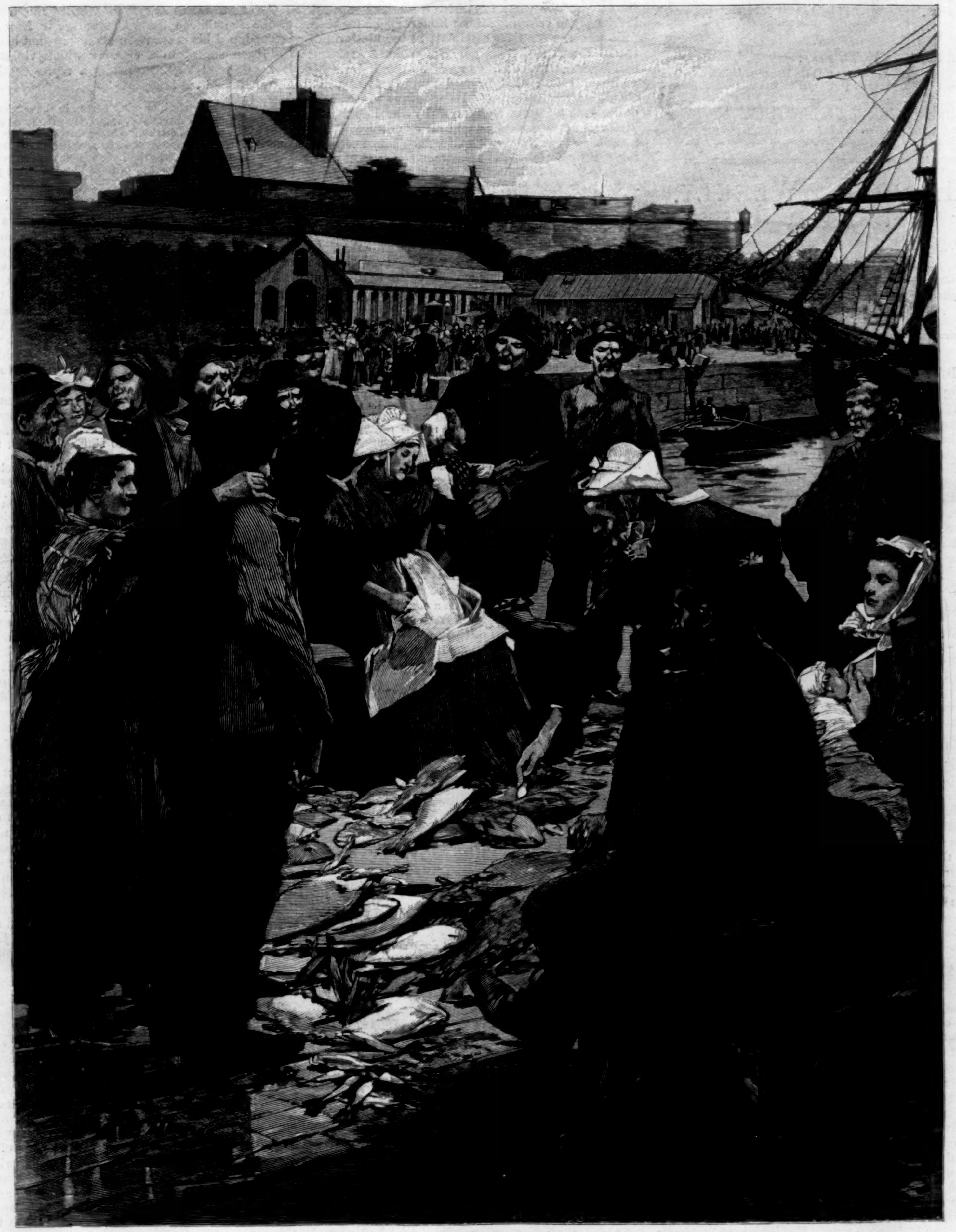

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BALLOT REFORM IN NEW YORK.

THE New York *Times* is of opinion that Tammany Hall "was misled as to what was for the real interest of the party in this city, apparently believing that the privilege of the illiterate to vote would be hampered or restricted by the blanket ballot." But the *Times* has been too constant and powerful and efficient an opponent of Tammany Hall to be accepted by that organized conspiracy against good government as a trustworthy authority upon its real interests. The hostility of Tammany to effective ballot reform, as to every other measure of political reform and honest administration, is instinctive. It lives by plunder and for plunder. Its leaders are known. The character of its membership and the nature of its methods have been exposed in detail. In no party is the sense of party loyalty so radical, and, as we think, so hopelessly unreasonable, as in the Democratic party; yet even in that party the sense of shame at such representative leadership as Tammany was so acute and overwhelming that an organized protest was made in the formation of the County Democracy to dispute with it the control of the party. But at last Tammany Hall has routed the County Democracy, and remains master of the Democratic field. Even assuming Mr. PLATT to be a corrupt politician, yet to represent any power for mischief that he may possess as comparable with the intrenched force of Tammany Hall against all things that honest and intelligent citizens desire is utterly unreasonable.

The attempt of a party committee to extort money from the employés of the national government for the expenses of the State campaign of the party is a wrong which we have often and plainly exposed. But it is ludicrous to hear this practice solemnly denounced by the supporters of Tammany as a reason for Republican defeat, for Tammany is notoriously spoils incarnate; it has no principle or policy but spoils, and it will force every clerk and street-sweeper and coal-heaver within its grasp to pay heavily to secure Tammany control of the State by Democratic success in the election. The association of ballot reform or of any measure of honester administration with such success is impossible, and when the *Times*, a journal with which HARPER'S WEEKLY is usually glad to co-operate, and to whose ability and high purpose it pays willing tribute—when the *Times* says that if "the Democratic leaders would come out candidly in this campaign and give their consent to the completion of ballot reform" by the adoption of the blanket ballot, "it would draw the most effective fire of the opposition, conciliate the independent voters, and give assurance that this great reform would be completed next winter," it seems to us totally mistaken.

Ballot reform is aimed at the combined evils which Tammany Hall represents. The leaders of that body can no more be conceived as sincere ballot reformers than as sincere civil service reformers or sincere temperance reformers. They no more desire clean politics than clean streets. The only cleanliness they care for is a clean sweep of every place they can control. Except for our respect for the *Times*, we should say that it was joking in suggesting that if Mr. CROKER and Mr. COCHRAN and Mr. MURPHY and Governor HILL, who is essentially of the Tammany political type, should say that they assented to the blanket ballot, the independent voters would be conciliated, and vote for Tammany's candidate for the Governorship, and, in order to make sure of thorough ballot reform, would vote also for Tammany's candidates for the Legislature. The independent vote in New York, as we believe, largely favors the election of Mr. FASSETT, because it believes not only that he, but the force of the party sentiment behind him, expressed specifically and in detail at the Convention, honestly mean ballot reform. In our judgment they would not believe the professions of reform which the *Times* invites from the Tammany leaders, and certainly they would not believe that the force of the party for which those leaders speak is friendly to reform. Those leaders spoke for their followers and for their candidate in the platform of the Convention, which is hostile to ballot reform; and Mr. FLOWER, in reply to a direct question for his views, said only that he had nothing to say, and stood by the platform. Independent voters who desire ballot reform will stand by the Republican platform on that subject, and every voter will take a serious responsibility who, for the chance of helping tariff reform at the national election next year, votes to defeat ballot reform and bring in Tammany at the New York election this year.

A TEXT FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

MR. ALLEN, the Republican candidate for the Governorship in Massachusetts, in a recent speech at Somerville, sneers at independent voters in the usual way. After announcing his belief in parties, stating their necessity, and remarking that the majority of citizens are connected with some party, Mr. ALLEN proceeds:

> "There is, to be sure, a small minority of individuals unattached, who hold aloof from all parties, free to criticise all, liking none, and not beloved of any. In the providence of political nature these people probably have their place; but while they assume a superior virtue, they are by their conduct a real detriment to the political welfare of their country. They are of too fine clay to mingle politically with their fellow-countrymen, and they sit on the fence while the procession passes by, occasionally shying a stone, or throwing an obstacle in the way of its triumphant progress."

As the object of the speech was to conciliate voters, Mr. ALLEN'S observations do not seem admirably adapted to his purpose. He would be willing undoubtedly that every sitter on the fence should shy a vote at Mr. ALLEN, so that his remarks, however just they may be in themselves, are ludicrously untimely. It is, perhaps, from this maladroitness that Mr. ALLEN is sometimes said to be stumping the State for Governor RUSSELL. When a candidate sneers at a large body of voters, it is because he feels that he probably has no chance of their support. But even then it is impolitic to assume that they will vote against him, while he might wisely consider why his assumption is probably correct.

But Mr. ALLEN would find it extremely difficult to point out why a minority which insists upon honesty in politics and requires fitness in candidates affects superior virtue, unless he admits that the majority is content with dishonest politics and unfit candidates. He has probably not given much thought to the subject, or he would not complain that independent voters do not mingle politically with their countrymen, for, however it may be in Massachusetts, in New York the independent voters as a body are very much more politically familiar with their countrymen, and are very much more active in politics, than the great mass of the regular party voters. Indeed the citizens who are most active in politics, except the party bosses and heelers of high and low degree on both sides, are the independent voters. No party committee in the country ever worked more indefatigably, intelligibly, and successfully than the independent committee of 1884 in New York, of which Mr. HORACE E. DEMING and Mr. R. R. BOWKER were chiefs, while in the municipal campaign in the city of New York last year the independent voters took their full share of the active work. If Mr. ALLEN will take pains to inform himself, he will learn that it is within the ranks of his own party, in Republican circles in Massachusetts and elsewhere, that he will find the great body of those of "too fine clay to mingle politically with their fellow-countrymen."

But if by mingling politically he means taking a hand in cheating and bribing and the debauchery of politics in general, abstention from such mingling is no shame to an honest American. Does he mean that independents ought to enroll themselves in party clubs? If so, he must remember that it is he and his party who prevent it. If a voter in Massachusetts should say that he meant to support Governor RUSSELL for re-election as an officer who had proved himself peculiarly fitted for the trust, but should vote for Republicans for the Legislature and for all the other offices, would he be admitted into the party club? Certainly not. It is all or nothing. That is to say, unless he will agree to vote for any candidate who may be regularly nominated by the party, and support everything that a chance party majority may choose to do, he cannot be enrolled as a party man. In such a case loss of self-respect is made the price of belonging to the party, and for a great many honest Americans that is a much worse alternative than being called too fine clay or a sitter on the fence. There is no waste of words so great as that spent in reviling an independent voter. The fact that he is so is evidence that he is proof against popguns. We challenge Mr. ALLEN to produce any assumption of superior virtue by any person or association or organization in the country which surpasses that of Republican platforms and orators, including the estimable candidate who has given us a text.

BLACKMAILING.

GENERAL JAMES W. WADSWORTH, the treasurer of the Republican State Committee in New York, has resigned his office upon observing that his name had been signed to a circular which violates the law. General WADSWORTH is a representative in Congress, and the law provides

> "that no officer or clerk or other person in the service of the United States shall directly or indirectly give or hand over to any other officer, clerk, or person in the service of the United States, or to any Senator or member of the House of Representatives or Territorial Delegate, any money or other valuable thing on account of or to be applied to the promotion of any political object whatever."

General WADSWORTH'S letter of resignation implies that his name was affixed—not by himself—to a circular which makes him a violator of the law, and it is doubtful whether he and all other executive officers of the government who are on the committee are not liable as receivers of such contributions. It is desirable, at least, that this question should be tested. For the issuing of this circular, signed, apparently without authority, with the name of General WADSWORTH, is an illustration of the contempt with which party campaign committees treat a law which in their opinion interferes with their right to levy blackmail on public employés. The legitimate expenses of a party are naturally and voluntarily borne by its members, and the resolution upon this subject adopted by the Civil Service Reform League at its late meeting in Buffalo states the exact truth:

> "Any party which is not supported by the voluntary contributions of its members, and which resorts to practical blackmailing to obtain money for election expenses, strikes a fatal blow at the party system by confessing that it depends for success not upon the conviction and confidence of those who compose it, but upon the fear of those whose livelihood it controls."

The Republican committees of Ohio and Pennsylvania have levied this blackmail upon the Republican employés in the public service at Washington, and the Republican committee in New York upon the national employés in this city. Tammany, of course, and the Democratic committee will squeeze in the same way every clerk and other employé in the municipal service whom it can reach. It is an outrage, however, which since the days of HUBBELL has become more and more disgraceful, and self-respecting men are much more reluctant now than formerly to impose upon practically helpless men and women a demand which the law makes a penal offence in the cases specified, and by so doing stigmatizes it in all cases as a wrong. Why is the circular sent to the Republican employés of the government, and not to other Republican clerks throughout the State? Because they are considered to hold their places by the favor of the party, and not by their own fitness. That is to say, the places are farmed out, and the holders pay rent, in the form of two or four per cent., to the power which considers that it owns the place. This is the theory. Nothing, indeed, is said about dismissal, but the employé understands the threat which is not uttered, and every employé who does not pay feels his tenure just so much less secure. The law brands as a public offence the effort to raise campaign funds by working upon the fears of government employés. But the party committees try to contrive to avoid its penalties. "I want," said the thrifty rascal to his lawyer, "to keep just outside Sing Sing."

Nothing is to be gained, however, for either side in the pending election in New York by pointing out on the other side offences of this kind, because both parties are equally guilty. What the Republicans are trying to do in the Custom-house and Post-office, the Democrats will do throughout the municipal service. It must be very hard for gentlemen in either party to make themselves the agents of such business, and to devise methods of evading without literally violating the law. For this blackmailing of public employés is one of the meanest forms of the spoils system, which, however, the good sense of the country is surely correcting. But there is nothing more certain than that whatever strengthens Tammany Hall as a political power strengthens this abuse, with all the other worst abuses of administration.

AN ARRAIGNMENT OF THE CENSUS.

It is not surprising that the report of the committee of the National Civil Service Reform League upon the census should have attracted general attention and comment. The names of the five gentlemen comprising the committee—William Dudley Foulke, of Indiana; Charles J. Bonaparte, of Maryland; Wayne MacVeagh, of Pennsylvania; Richard H. Dana, of Massachusetts; and Sherman S. Rogers, of New York—are the earnest of the most faithful and intelligent research. Most of these gentlemen, if not all of them, voted for President Harrison, and they were by no means a committee appointed to convict. The report is necessarily long, because some detail is indispensable to show the kind of fact upon which conclusions are based, and its whole tone is candid and temperate.

The report begins by stating the peculiar necessity of accuracy and trustworthiness in such a work. "Unfairness, incapacity, or blundering in the census is a grave public misfortune." It proceeds to prove that the late census is discredited by all these evils, and that the chief source of the trouble lies in the selection of agents not by any general system of ascertaining qualifications, which was rejected by the Commissioner, but by the haphazard spoils system of selection by the favor of party bosses and committees. The consequence is a general doubt or distrust of the census, which the findings of the committee tend to justify.

This is a very serious arraignment of a very important public work. It is the first comprehensive and impartial confirmation of much that has been the subject of partisan accusation and defence, and it is not surprising that the Commissioner of the Census promptly replied. He regards the report rather as a vindication than a criticism, and seems to be surprised that the committee did not find matters very much worse. As a revelation of the mischievous folly of the spoils system the report is one of the most conclusive papers yet produced. It is the sixth in the series of reports upon various branches of the public service made by the committee—a series which is a valuable repository of information upon the practical working of a partisan instead of a business civil service. They are a volley of smooth stones at the head of the monster Patronage.

PARNELL.

It is the universal opinion that Parnell was one of the most striking political figures of the time, and one of the most efficient of public leaders. His complete abandonment of the conservative traditions and associations of his youth to devote himself to extreme radicalism in the Irish contest recalls the similar acceptance of abolitionism by men like Wendell Phillips and Edward Quincy. Yet Parnell was a great Irish leader who did not lead by oratory. Wendell Phillips thought O'Connell the master orator of his time. All the more famous Irish leaders were extraordinary orators. They did their work with eloquence. But Parnell, the last and the most effective of the whole group, although a skilful and practised speaker, was wholly without the oratorical temperament, cold, self-restrained, unsympathetic. That was the impression he made when, as the Irish leader, he came to this country several years ago.

But he developed in the House of Commons a grasp of the situation which was irresistible. He was a master of parliamentary strategy as adapted to the Irish cause, and his courage, tenacity, and adroitness brought that cause into the chief place in British politics, which, while Mr. Gladstone lives, it will maintain. This was Mr. Parnell's great achievement. He changed completely the methods and tactics of the Irish cause, transforming it from an emotional patriotic agitation into a constitutional movement, and by his obstructive policy within parliamentary canons, his untiring vigilance and comprehensive intelligence, and his absolute command and thorough discipline of his followers, no less than by his appeal to English reason, he did what no Irishman before him had been able to do—he won the support of the great English Liberal party under the greatest English statesman of the time.

All this was done while he was comparatively a young man. It is probably true that his ultimate hope was an Irish republic. He was a man of profound ambition, silent, impassive, and undaunted. It was a hope, undoubtedly, rather than a purpose, but he said in this country what could not be unsaid, although his alliance with Mr. Gladstone, while it lasted, did not contemplate separation, and it was not broken by any difference of view upon the Irish question. The close of his career was tragical not so much from the immediate occasion of his loss of leadership as from his wild and desperate and utterly reckless endeavors to recover his position. Buckle seems to doubt whether Burke's mind was not disordered by the intensity of his feeling in regard to the French Revolution. It is doubtful whether Parnell was not somewhat deranged by the consequences of his astounding personal folly. His remarkable career, with his extraordinary ability and his incredible weakness, adds another to the memorable illustrations of the singular fate which has baffled all great Irish leadership.

REFUSING TO BOW TO TAMMANY HALL.

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, the member for New York of the National Democratic Committee, has resigned his place. At the late Democratic Convention he said,

> "Tammany Hall was admitted to the exclusive representation of New York city and county by seating its seventy-two delegates, and declaring none others to be entitled to places in the Convention. This is equivalent to a declaration by the Democratic party of the State, through its Convention, that Tammany Hall is the only Democratic body in the city and county of New York; that voters can prove their Democracy only by accepting its methods, voting for its candidates, and being willing to be represented by its delegates in the party councils. It is equivalent to a declaration that there is and can be no Democrat out of Tammany, and that the standard of Democracy is the approval of Tammany's men and Tammany's methods."

Mr. Oelrichs is a pronounced Democratic tariff reformer, but evidently he does not think that the interests of tariff reform next year require him to identify himself with Tammany Hall this year. In this respect he differs from another pronounced Democratic tariff reformer, Mr. Cleveland, who holds that the Tammany ticket "demands our most earnest and warmest support," and who does not "know what to think of any Democrat who will begrudge it." The address read by Mr. Scott on behalf of many County Democrats agrees fully with the view of Mr. Oelrichs, who is by no means a friend of Mr. Platt, but still less of Tammany Hall.

MORE THAN ONE QUESTION.

When De Witt Clinton resigned the United States Senatorship in order to become Mayor of New York, he did not foresee that the time would come when New-Yorkers might decide to vote for Governor of New York by their view of the possible effect of the election upon that of the President in the following year. Had he foreseen that at the close of the century in which he lived his native State would contain nearly six millions of people, he would have supposed, naturally, that it might have interests of its own important enough to consider at its elections, and questions that could not be properly subordinated to the national election of another year.

Were this to be accepted seriously as a rule of political action, it would be the most prodigious step of centralization yet taken. For there are always national policies upon which parties divide, and the State election can be always regarded as preliminary to the national election. If national party prestige gained by success in the State is to determine voting at the State election, the subjugation of the citizen by party would be absolute and complete, and his vote upon every local measure would depend upon the position of his party upon questions which are wholly beyond State action.

If, for instance, in the State of New York one of the great national parties should be in notorious alliance with the liquor interest, why, in the name of good sense, should a citizen of New York who does not wish a State administration dominated by that interest vote for the party's candidates because he means at another time in a national election to support the tariff reform policy of that party? This is carrying the adage "Love me, love my dog," a little too far. That the result of the State election does have an effect of prestige upon the general election is true. But are we to lose temperance reform or ballot reform or civil service reform in the State merely because to vote for them by supporting one party will injure the prestige of the other party which favors tariff reform? Suppose that the election of Mr. Fassett, as a means of promoting desirable State results, should lead Republicans to insist that New York is for the McKinley tariff, what difference would it make to an independent voter? Will it change his view of a tariff, or his vote for his view? What is independent voting but freedom from this absolute subserviency to party, and from subordinating every local and State interest to one national question and the success of a party?

A PENALTY OF PUBLIC LIFE.

It is a very severe sacrifice which is demanded of candidates for the highest State office that they should stump their States. Governor Campbell and Mr. McKinley in Ohio, Mr. Fassett in New York, and Governor Russell and Mr. Allen in Massachusetts are expected to speak almost every day to the largest crowds that can be assembled, to be incessantly passing from place to place, meeting and talking with a constantly changing multitude, and living for seven or eight weeks under a relentless strain of excitement. Few men can undergo such an ordeal unscathed, and undoubtedly the appalling prospect of it will go far to influence Mr. Blaine's decision of the question of accepting a nomination next year.

The object of this kind of stumping is mainly the gratification of curiosity, and incidentally the advantage to a party of an attractive candidate with a fluent tongue and a pleasant manner. It takes the place of the house-to-house visit of the English candidate, who calls to pay his respects to the voter, to compliment his wife, and kiss his children. But it is complimenting and kissing upon a tremendous scale for a candidate to stump a great State and make himself agreeable to thousands of people. Political education is now largely accomplished by the press rather than the platform, and the effect of great popular meetings, such as the candidate addresses in New York, Ohio, or Massachusetts, is the stimulation of party enthusiasm rather than the conversion of opponents.

It is not that the orators do not often make capital speeches, which serve to instruct lesser orators, but the conditions are necessarily exhausting. Stumping the State, going from county to county and from town to town in all kinds of weather, and trying to present the same arguments day after day in a novel form, is a physical and mental strain which is one of the severest penalties of public life. But there seems to be no lack of those who are willing to undertake it, and it is becoming very common, if indeed it is not now expected, for the candidate to promise to carry the banner into every county, and, if possible, every town. Like the mass-meeting itself, which is a growth of the last fifty years, beginning really with the hard-cider campaign of 1840, the candidate's stumping the State is one of the interesting phenomena of a popular government. John Quincy Adams's lugubrious forecast of the monster meetings has not been fulfilled, but we ought to have mercy on the stumpers.

PERSONAL.

At the request of prominent clergymen and citizens, Mr. L. E. Chittenden will deliver a lecture upon Abraham Lincoln at Association Hall in this city on Tuesday evening November 10th. This request has grown out of the general interest created by Mr. Chittenden's book, *Recollections of President Lincoln and his Administration*. His lecture will portray Lincoln as known to his friends. Mr. Chittenden is one of New York's most eminent citizens, and his address upon such a theme especially invites an enthusiastic metropolitan welcome.

—Rev. Dr. Eugene Augustus Hoffman, Dean of the General Theological Seminary (Episcopal) in New York, is called the wealthiest clergyman in the world. His property, which consists largely of real estate in this city, and includes the Hoffman House, is valued at from fifteen to twenty million dollars. He has made many gifts to the seminary, and his charities extend to Episcopal institutions all over the country.

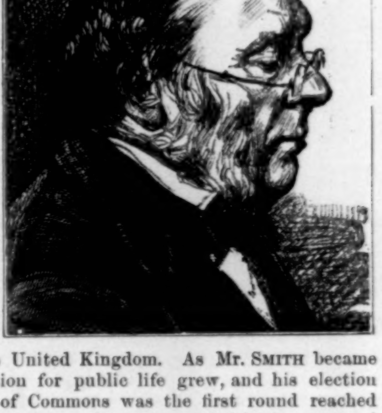
—Ole Bull's son, who is about twenty years old, will soon make his début in Paris as a violinist.

—John Ruskin is in better health than for some time past, and will soon issue several works, some of them illustrated with drawings by himself.

—The title of the writer of the article on "The Mitylene Scare, and the Russian Volunteer Fleet," published in Harper's Weekly for October 3d, should have been given more fully as "Captain F. S. Dugmore, on retired pay, Sixty-fourth Regiment British Army, Honorary Lieutenant Royal Naval Reserve."

—Senator Sherman has at his house in Mansfield, Ohio, a fire-proof vault filled with private letters which he has received from prominent men and women. The autographs alone, it is said, would form a magnificent collection.

—The Right Hon. William Henry Smith, the government leader in the British House of Commons, died October 6th, after long-continued ill health. He was perhaps the most successful English public man of the day, and came into prominent notice twenty-three years ago by defeating John Stuart Mill for Parliament. Mr. Smith's father kept a news-stand in an obscure and disreputable street in London, and later established a newspaper booth at a railroad station. The boy assisted his father, obtained a common-school education, and finally became a partner in the business. Under his shrewd management it prospered greatly, and agencies were established in all the principal railroad stations of the United Kingdom. As Mr. Smith became rich his ambition for public life grew, and his election to the House of Commons was the first round reached on the political ladder. Disraeli made him Secretary of the Treasury and then of the navy, and while holding the latter office he served as the original of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., in the comic opera *Pinafore*. Under Salisbury Mr. Smith became Secretary of War and Chief Secretary of Ireland, and then First Lord of the Treasury and leader of the House of Commons. Not long ago, when Earl Granville died, Mr. Smith was given the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, and so the Strand bookseller became the successor of Pitt, Wellington, and Palmerston.



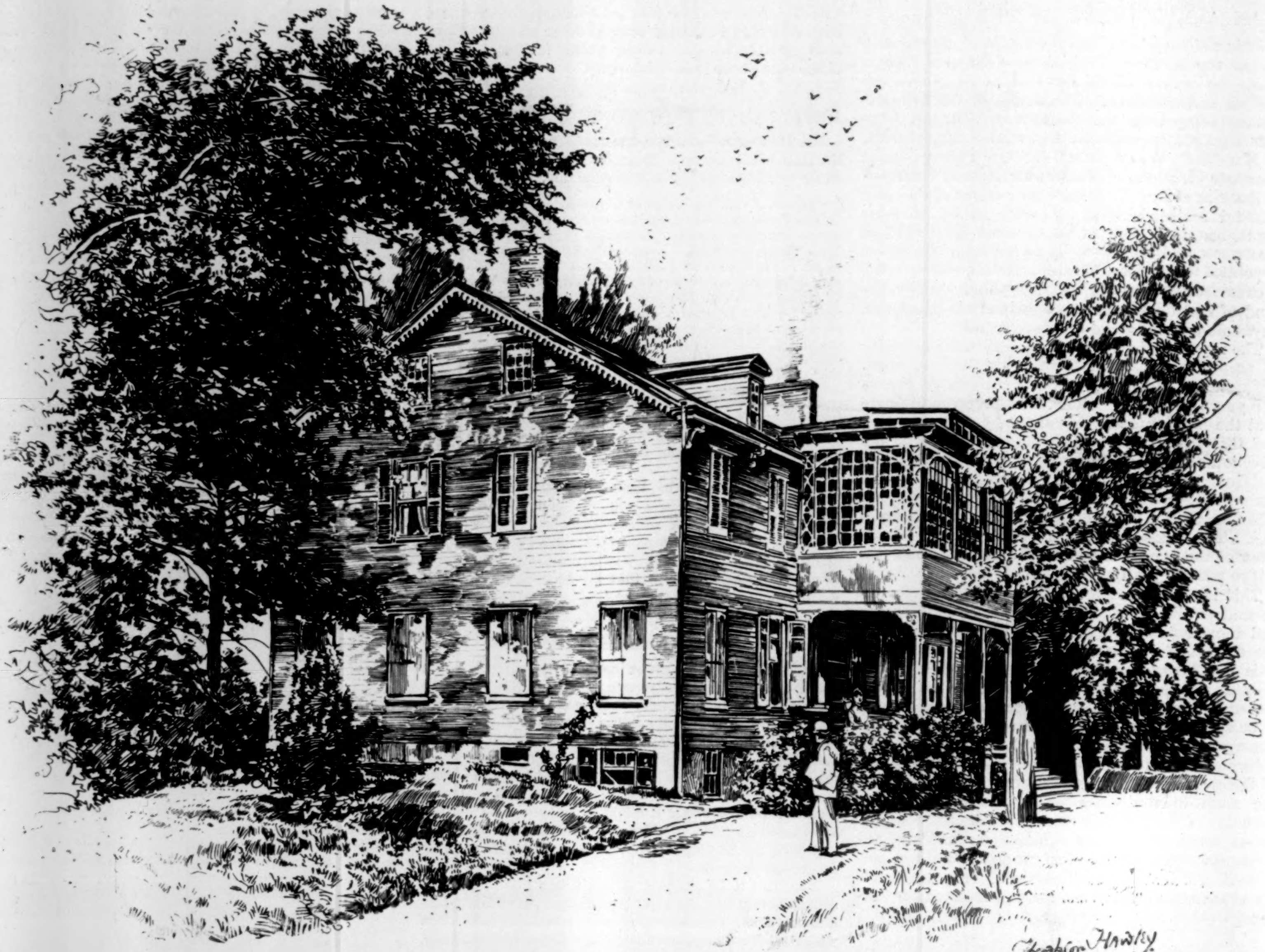
—Sir John Steel, the Scotch sculptor, who died recently at Edinburgh, was the son of an Aberdeen wood-carver, and eighty-seven years old. Among his statues in this country are those of Burns and Scott in Central Park, in this city.

—A monument erected to Christopher Marlowe, the poet and dramatist, at Canterbury, England, was unveiled recently by Henry Irving.

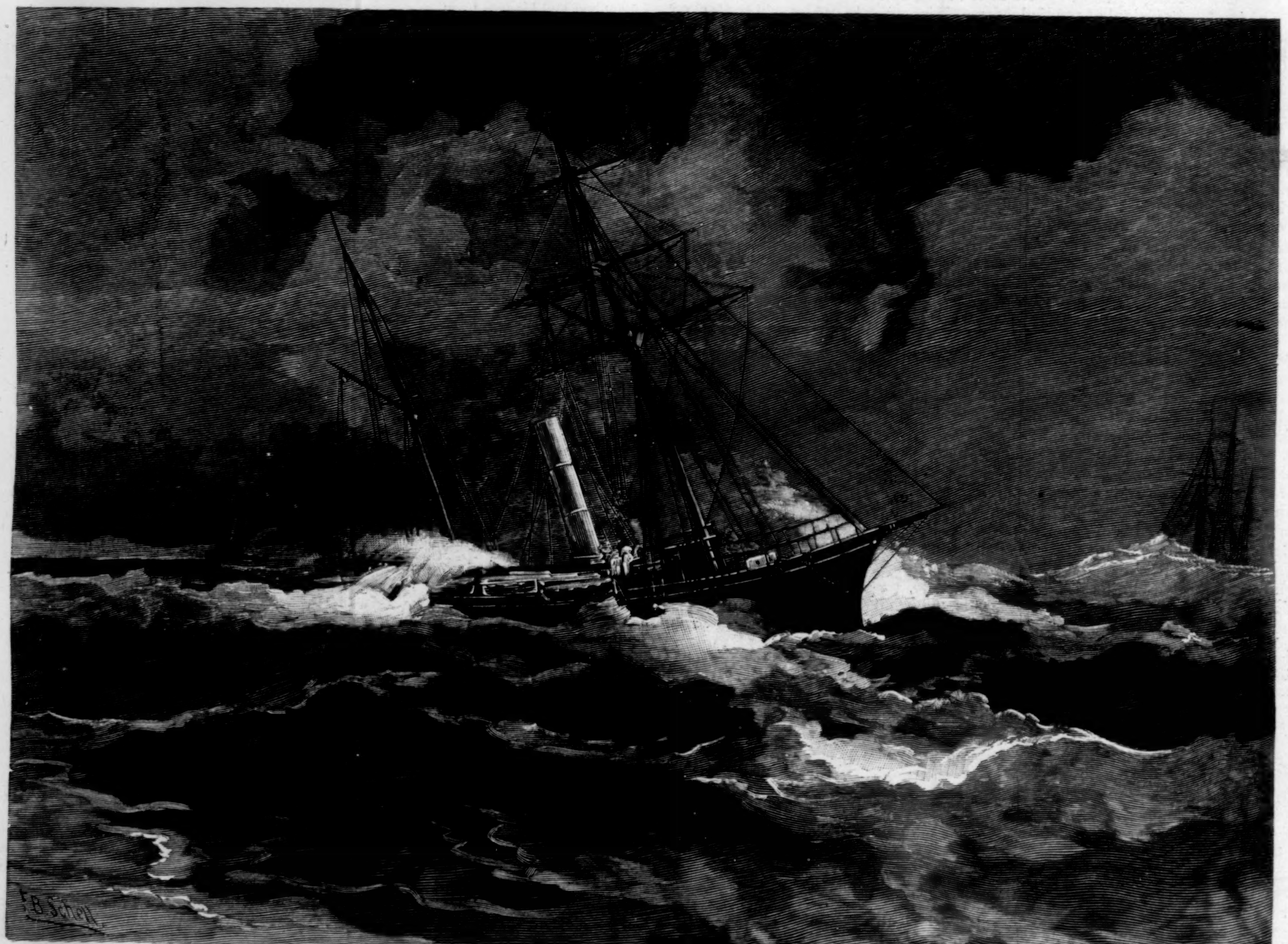
—The People's party in Massachusetts has nominated Major Henry Winn, once Charles Sumner's private secretary, as its candidate for Governor.

—After a long absence from Parliament, the Marquis of Lorne, formerly Governor-General of Canada, will seek a re-election. When last he sat in the House of Commons he was a Liberal, but now he calls himself a Unionist.

—During a visit to Stratford-on-Avon this summer, William Winter, the New York dramatic critic, discovered a jug and cane which belonged originally to Shakespeare. They belong to one of the dramatist's descendants, a Mrs. Fletcher, of Gloucester, who has documents establishing their authenticity.



THE HOUSE WHERE PARNELL'S MOTHER LIVES, ON THE STEWART ESTATE, AT BORDENTOWN, NEW JERSEY.—[SEE PAGE 795.]

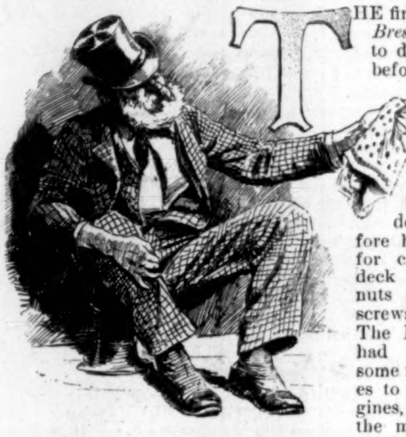


THE WRECK OF THE U.S.S. "DESPATCH," ON THE SHOALS OFF ASSATEAGUE ISLAND, VIRGINIA.—DRAWN BY F. B. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 795.]

'BRUGGLESMITH."

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

"This day the ship went down, and all hands was drowned but me."—*Clark Russell.*

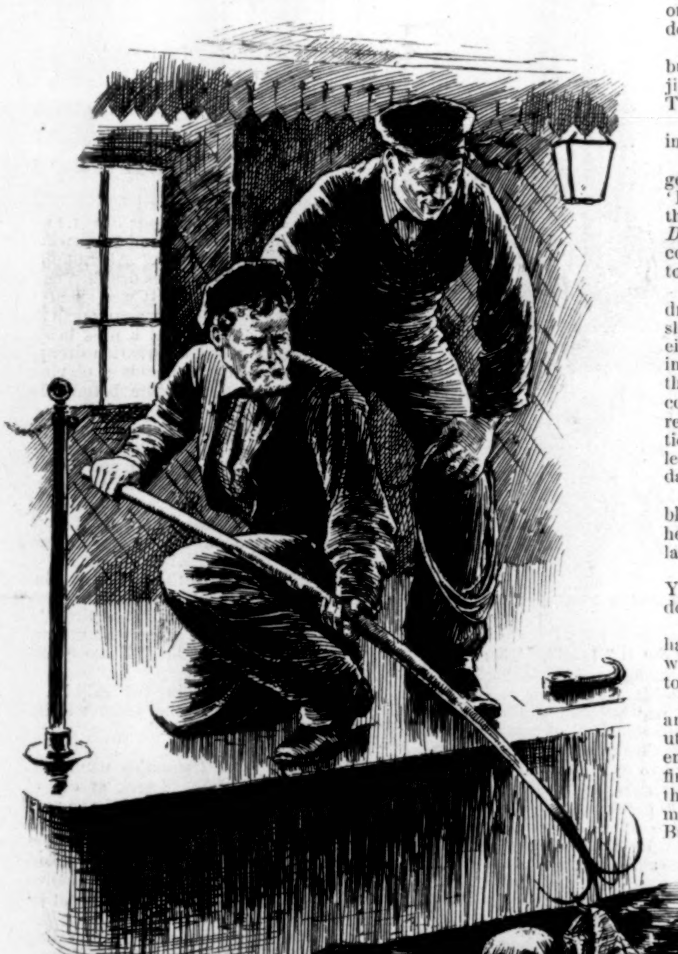


THE first officer of the *Breslau* asked me to dinner on board before the ship went round to Southampton to pick up her passengers. The *Breslau* was lying below London Bridge, her fore hatches opened for cargo, and her deck littered with nuts and bolts and screws and chains. The Black McPhee had been putting some finishing touches to his adored engines, and McPhee is the most untidy of chief engineers. If the leg of a cockroach gets into one of his slide-valves the whole ship knows it, and half the ship has to clean up the mess.

After dinner, which the first officer, McPhee, and I ate in one little corner of the empty saloon, McPhee returned to the engine-room to attend to some brass-fitters. The first officer and I smoked on the bridge, and watched the lights of the crowded shipping till it was time for me to go home. It seemed, in the pauses of our conversation, that I could catch an echo of fearful bellowings from the engine-room, and the voice of McPhee singing of home and the domestic affections.

"McPhee has a friend aboard to-night—a man who was a boiler-maker at Greenock when McPhee was a 'prentice," said the first officer. "I didn't ask him to dine with us, because—"

"I see—I mean I hear," I answered. We talked on for a few minutes longer, and McPhee came up from the engine-room with his friend on his arm.



"SOMEBODY STUCK A BOAT-HOOK IN HIS CLOTHES AND HAULED HIM OUT."

"Let me present ye to this gentleman," said McPhee. "He's a great admirer o' your wor-rks. He has just hear-rd o' them."

McPhee could never pay a compliment prettily. The friend sat down suddenly on a bollard, saying that McPhee had understated the truth. Personally, he on the bollard considered that Shakespeare was trembling in the balance solely on my account, and if the first officer wished to dispute this, he was prepared to fight the first officer then or later, "as per invoice."

"Man, if ye only knew," said he, wagging his head, "the times I've lain in my lonely bunk reading *Vanity Fair*, an' sobbin'—ay, weepin' bitterly—at the pure fascination of it."

He shed a few tears for guarantee of good faith, and the first officer laughed. McPhee resettled the man's hat, that had tilted over one eyebrow, and said:

"That'll wear off in a little. It's just the smell o' the engine-room."

"I think I'll wear off myself," I whispered to the first officer. "Is the dinghy ready?"

The dinghy was at the gangway, which was down, and the first officer went forward to find a man to row me to the bank. He returned with a very sleepy lascar, who knew the river.

"Are you going?" said the man on the bollard. "Well, I'll just see ye home. McPhee, help me down the gangway. It has as many ends as a cat-o'-nine-tails, and—losh!—how innumerable are the dinghys!"

"You'd better let him come with you," said the first officer. "Mahommed Jan, put the drunk sahib ashore first. Take the sober sahib to the next stairs."

I had my foot in the bow of the dinghy, the tide was making up stream, when the man cannoned against me, pushed the lascar back on the gangway, cast loose the painter, and the dinghy began to saw, stern first, along the side of the *Breslau*.

"We'll have no exter-r-raneous races here," said the man. "I've known the Thames for thirty years—"

There was no time for argument. We were drifting under the *Breslau's* stern, and I knew that her propeller was half out of water, in the midst of an inky tangle of buoys, low-lying hawsers, and moored ships, with the tide chattering about them.

"What shall I do?" I shouted to the first officer.

"Find the police boat as soon as you can, and, for God's sake, get some way on the dinghy! Steer with the oar. The rudder's unshipped, and—"

I could hear no more. The dinghy slid away, bumped on a mooring-buoy, swung round, and jigged off irresponsibly as I hunted for the oar. The man sat in the bow, his chin on his hands.

"Row, you ruffian!" I said. "Get her out into the middle of the river—"

"It's a preevilege to gaze on the face o' genius. Let me go on thinking. There was 'Little Bar-rnaby Dorrit,' and 'The Mystery o' the Bleak Druid.' I sailed in a ship called the *Druid* once—badly found she was. It all comes back to me so sweet. It all comes back to me. Man, ye steer like a genius."

We just bumped another mooring-buoy, and drifted on to the bows of a Norwegian timber-ship; I could see the great square holes on either side of the cut-water. Then we dived into a string of barges, and scraped through them by the paint on our planks. It was a consolation to think that the dinghy was being reduced in value at every bump, but the question before me was when she would begin to leak. The man looked ahead into the pitchy darkness, and whistled.

"Yon's the *Austerlitz;* her tops'le ties are black. She's swinging across stream. Keep her port light on our starboard bow, and go large," he said.

"How can I keep anything anywhere? You're sitting on the oars. Row, man, if you don't want to drown."

He took the sculls, saying, sweetly: "No harm comes to a drunken man. That's why I wished to come with *you*. Man, you're not fit to be alone in a boat."

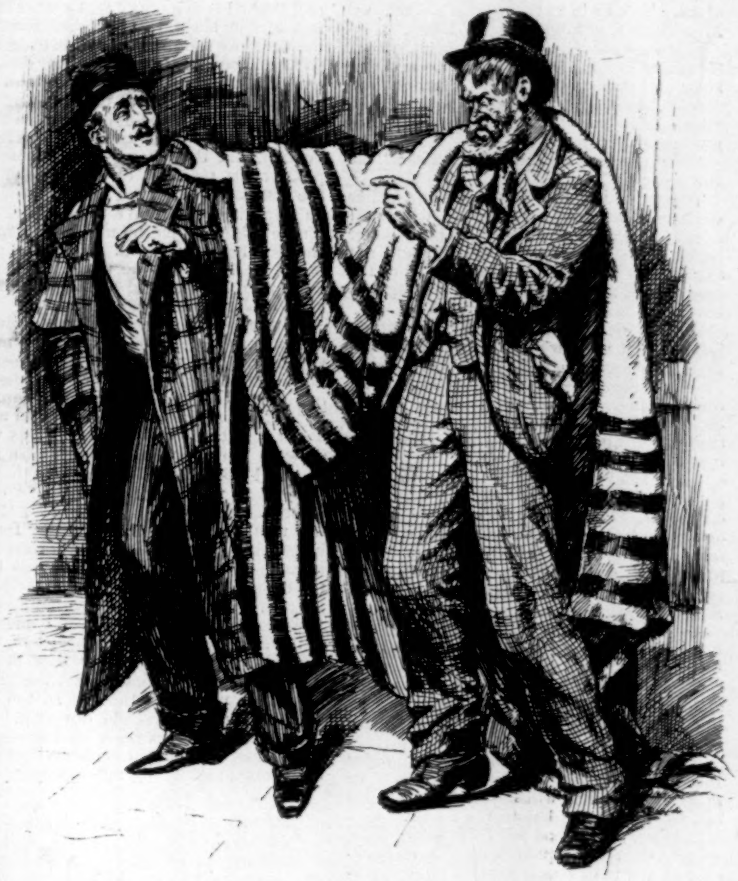
He flirted the dinghy round the *Austerlitz*, and for the next ten minutes I enjoyed—positively enjoyed—an exhibition of first-class steering. We threaded in and out of the mercantile marine of Great Britain as a ferret threads a rabbit hole, and we—he, that is to say—sang joyously to each ship, till men looked over bulwarks and cursed us. When we came to some moderately clear water he gave the sculls to me, and said:

"If ye could row as ye write, I'd respect you for all your vices. Yon's London Bridge. Take her through."

We shot under the dark ringing arch, and came out the other side, going up swiftly with the tide. Except that I wished to get home a little before morning, I was growing reconciled to the jaunt. There were one or two stars visible, and by keeping into the centre of the stream, I could not come to any serious danger.

The man began to sing loudly:

"The smartest clipper that you could find—
Yo ho! Oho!—
Was the *Marg'ret Evans* of the Black X Line
A hundred years ago!



"ROUND HIS SHOULDERS HUNG A STRIPED YELLOW BLANKET."

Incorporate that in your next book, which is marvellous." Here he stood up in the bows and declaimed:

"Ye Towers o' Julia, London's lasting wrong,
By mony a foul an' midnight murder fed—
Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song—
And yon's the grave as little as my bed.

I'm a poet myself, an' I can feel for others."

"Sit down," said I. "You'll have the boat over."

"Ay, I'm settin'—settin' like a hen." He plumped down heavily, and added, shaking his forefinger at me,

"Learn prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root.

How did a man o' your parts come to be so drunk? Oh, it's a sinfu' thing, an' ye may thank God on all fours that I'm with you! What yon boat?"

We had drifted far up the river, and a boat manned by four men, who rowed with a soothingly regular stroke, was overhauling us.

"It's the river police," I said, at the top of my voice.

"Oh, ay! If your sin do not find you out on dry land, it will find you out in the deep waters. Is it like they'll give us drink?"

"Exceedingly likely. I'll hail them." I hailed.

"What are you doing?" was the answer from the boat.

"It's the *Breslau's* dinghy broken loose—" I began.

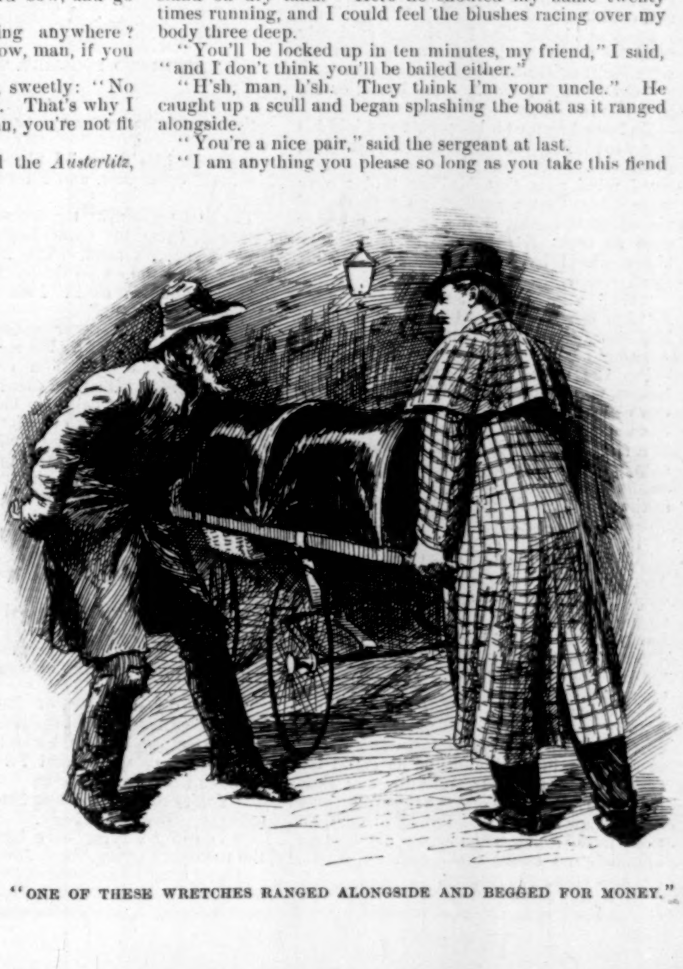
"It's a vara drunken man broke loose," roared my companion, "and I'm takin' him home by water, for he cannot stand on dry land." Here he shouted my name twenty times running, and I could feel the blushes racing over my body three deep.

"You'll be locked up in ten minutes, my friend," I said, "and I don't think you'll be bailed either."

"H'sh, man, h'sh. They think I'm your uncle." He caught up a scull and began splashing the boat as it ranged alongside.

"You're a nice pair," said the sergeant at last.

"I am anything you please so long as you take this fiend



"ONE OF THESE WRETCHES RANGED ALONGSIDE AND BEGGED FOR MONEY."

away. Tow us in to the nearest station, and I'll make it worth your while," I said.

"Corruption—corruption!" roared the man, throwing himself flat in the bottom of the boat. "Like unto the worms that perish so is man, and all for the sake of a filthy half-crown to be arrested by the river police at my time o' life!"

"For pity's sake, row," I shouted; "the man's drunk."

They rowed us to a flat—a fire or a police station; it was too dark to see which. I could feel that they regarded me in no better light than my companion, and I could not explain, for I was holding the far end of the painter, and feeling cut off from all respectability.

We got out of the boat, my companion falling flat on his wicked face, and the sergeant asked us rude questions about the dinghy. My companion washed his hands of all responsibility. He was an old man; he had been lured into a stolen boat by a young man—probably a thief—he had saved the boat from wreck (this was absolutely true), and now he expected salvage in the shape of hot whiskey and water. The sergeant turned to me. Fortunately I was in evening dress, and had a card to show. More fortunately still, the sergeant happened to know the *Breslau* and McPhee. He promised to send the dinghy down next tide, and was not beyond accepting my thanks in silver.

As this was satisfactorily arranged, I heard my companion say, angrily, to a constable, "If you will not give it to a dry man, ye will to a drookit." Then he walked deliberately off the edge of the flat into the water. Somebody stuck a boat-hook into his clothes and hauled him out.

"Now," said he, triumphantly, "under the rules o' the R-royal Humane Society ye must give me hot whiskey and water. Do not put temptation before the laddie. He's my nephew, an' a good boy i' the main. Tho' why he should masquerade as Mister Thackeray on the high seas is beyond my comprehension. Oh, the vanity o' youth! McPhee told me ye were as vain as a peacock. I mind that now."

"You had better give him something to drink, and wrap him up for the night. I don't know who he is," I said, desperately; and when the man had settled down to a drink supplied on my representation, I escaped, and found that I was near Blackfriars Bridge.

I went towards the Strand, intending to take a hansom and go home. After the first feeling of indignation died out, the absurdity of the experience struck me fully, and I began to laugh aloud in the empty streets, to the scandal of a policeman. The more I reflected on the past, the more heartily I laughed, till my mirth was quenched by a hand on my shoulder, and turning, I saw him who should have been in bed at the river police station. He was damp all over; his wet silk hat was far at the back of his head, and round his shoulders hung a striped yellow blanket, which was evidently the property of the state.

"The crackling o' thorns under a pot," said he, solemnly. "Laddie, have ye not thought o' the sin of idle laughter? My heart misgave me that ever ye'd get home, an' I've just come to convoy you a piece. They're sore uneducate down there by the river. They would na listen to me when I talked o' your wor-rks, so I e'en left them. Cast the blanket about you, laddie. It's fine and cold."

I groaned inwardly. Providence evidently intended that I should frolic through eternity with McPhee's infamous acquaintance.

"Go away," I said. "Go home, or I'll give you in charge."

He leaned against a lamp-post and laid his finger to his nose—his dishonorable, carnelian neb.

"I mind now that McPhee told me ye were vainer than a peacock, an' your castin' me adrift in a boat shows ye were drunker than an owl. A good name is as a savory bakemeat. I ha' nane." He smacked his lips joyously.

"Well, I know that," I said.

"Ay, but *ye* have. I mind now that McPhee spoke o' your reputation that you're so proud of. Laddie, if ye gie me in charge —I'm old enough to be your father—I'll bla-ast your reputation as far as my voice can carry, for I'll call you by name till the cows come hame. It's no jestin' matter to be a friend to me. If you discard my friendship, ye must come to Vine Street wi' me for stealin' the *Breslau's* dinghy." Then he sang at the top of his voice:

"In the mor-rnin'—
I' the mor-rnin' by the black van—
We'll toddle up to Vine Street i' the mornin'.

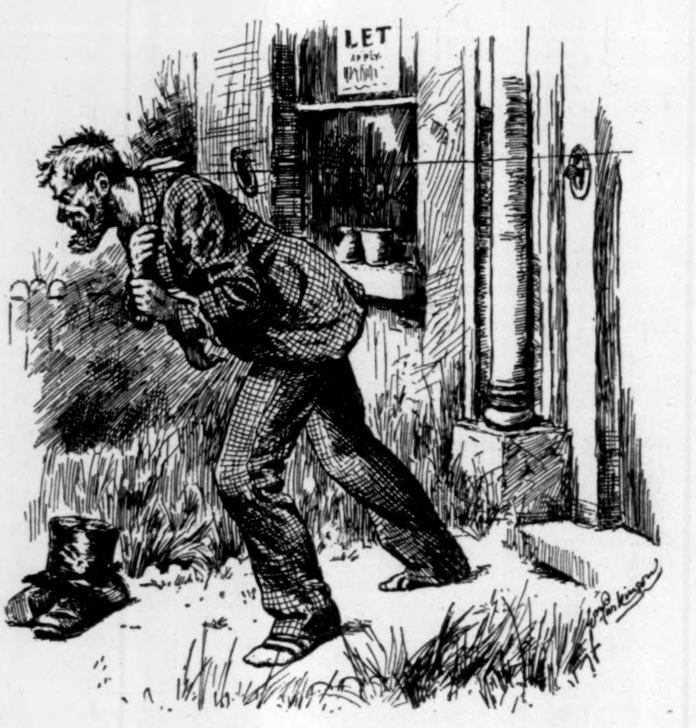
Yon's my own composeetion; but *I'm* not vain. We'll go home together, laddie—we'll go home together." And he sang "Auld Lang Syne" to show that he meant it.

A policeman suggested that we had better move on, and we moved into the Strand, coming out opposite the Law Courts, near St. Clement Danes. My companion was quieter now, and his speech, which up till that time had been distinct—it was a marvel to see how, in his condition, he could talk dialect—began to slur and slide and slummock. He bade me observe the architecture of the Law Courts, and linked himself lovingly to my arm. Then he saw a policeman, and before I could shake him off, whirled me up to the man, singing,

"Every member of the force
Has a watch and chain, of course,"

and threw his dripping blanket over the helmet of the law. In any other country in the world we should have run an exceedingly good chance of being shot, or dirked, or clubbed—and clubbing is worse than being shot. But I reflected in that wet-cloth tangle that this was England, where the police are made to be banged and battered and bruised, that they may the better endure a police-court reprimand next morning. For the first time in my life I was proud of being an English subject. We three fell in a tangle, he calling on me by name—that was the tingling horror of it—to sit on the policeman's head and cut the traces. I wriggled clear first, and shouted to the policeman to kill the blanket man.

Naturally the policeman answered, "You're as bad as 'im," and chased me, the smaller man, round St. Clement Danes into Holywell Street, where I ran into the arms of another policeman. That flight could not have lasted more than a minute and a half, but it seemed to me as long and as wearisome as the interminable terror of a nightmare. I had leisure to think of a thousand things as I ran, but most I thought of the great and godlike man who had a sitting in the north gallery of St. Clement Danes a hundred years ago. I know he at least would have felt for me. So occupied was I with these considerations that when the other policeman hugged me to his bosom and said, "What are you tryin' to do?" I answered, with exquisite politeness, "Sir, let us take a walk down Fleet Street." "Bow Street 'll do *your* business, I think," was the answer, and for a moment I thought so too, till it seemed I might wriggle out of it. Then there was a hideous scene, and it was complicated by my companion hurrying up with the blanket and telling me—always by name—that he would rescue me or perish in the attempt.



"HE BOWED FORWARD, THE WIRE CREAKING AND STRAINING BEHIND HIM."

"Knock him down," I pleaded. "Club his head open first, and I'll explain afterwards."

The first policeman, the one who had been outraged, drew his truncheon and cut at my companion's head. The high silk hat crackled and the owner dropped like a log.

"Now you've done it," I said. "You've probably killed him."

Holywell Street never goes to bed. A small crowd gathered on the spot, and some one of German extraction cried: "Mein Gott! You haf killed the man!"

Another cried, "Take his bloomin' number. I saw him strook cruel 'ard. Yah!"

Now the street was empty when the trouble began, and, saving the two policemen and myself, no one had seen the blow. I said, therefore, in a loud and cheerful voice: "The man's a friend of mine. He's fallen down in a fit. Bobby, will you bring the ambulance?" Under my breath I added, "It's five shillings apiece, and the man didn't hit you."

"No, but 'im and you tried to rob me," said the policeman.

This was not a thing to argue about.

"Is Dempsey on duty at Charing Cross?" I said.

"Wot d'you know of Dempsey, you bloomin' garroter?" said the policeman.

"If Dempsey's there, he knows me. Get the ambulance quick, and I'll take him to Charing Cross."

"You're coming to Bow Street, *you* are," said the policeman, crisply.

"The man's dying"—he lay groaning on the pavement—"get the ambulance," said I.

There is an ambulance at the back of St. Clement Danes, whereof I know more than most people. The policeman seemed to possess the keys of the box in which it lived. We trundled it out—it was a three-wheeled affair with a hood—and we bundled the body of the man upon it.

A body in an ambulance looks very extremely dead. The policemen softened at the sight of the stiff boot heels.

"Now, then," said they, and I fancied that they still meant Bow Street.

"Let me see Dempsey for three minutes, if he's on duty," I answered.

"Very good. He is."

Then I knew that all would be well; but before we started I put my head under the ambulance hood to see if the man were alive. A guarded whisper caught my ear:

"Laddie, you mun pay me for a new hat. They've broken it. Dinna desert me now, laddie. I'm o'er-old to go to Bow Street in my gray hairs for a fault of yours. Laddie, dinna desert me."

"You'll be lucky if you get off under seven years," I said to the policeman.

Moved by a very lively fear of having exceeded their duties, the two policemen left their beats, and the mournful procession wound down the empty Strand. Once west of the Adelphi, I knew I should be in my own country; and the policemen had reason to know that too, for as I was pacing proudly a little ahead of the catafalque, another policeman said "Good-night, sir," to me as he passed.

"Now, you see," I said, with condescension; "I wouldn't be in your shoes for something. On my word, I've a great mind to march you two down to Scotland Yard."

"If the gentleman's a friend o' yours, per'aps—" said the policeman who had given the blow, and was reflecting on the consequences.

"Perhaps you'd like me to go away and say nothing about it," I said. Then there hove into view the figure of Constable Dempsey, glittering in his oil-skins, and an angel of light to me. I had known him for months; he was an esteemed friend of mine, and we used to talk together in the early mornings. The fool seeks to ingratiate himself with princes and ministers, and courts and cabinets leave him to perish miserably. The wise man makes allies among the police and the hansoms, so that his friends spring up from the round-house and the cab rank, and even his offences become triumphal processions.

"Dempsey," said I, "have the police been on strike again? They've put some things on duty at St. Clement Danes that want to take me to Bow Street for garroting."

"Lor', sir!" said Dempsey, indignantly.

"Tell them I'm not a garroter, nor a thief. It's simply disgraceful that a gentleman can't walk down the Strand without being manhandled by these roughs. One of them has done his best to kill my friend here, and I'm taking the body home. Speak for me, Dempsey."

There was no time for the much-misrepresented policemen to say a word. Dempsey spoke to them in language calculated to frighten. They tried to explain, but Dempsey launched into a glowing catalogue of my virtues, as noted by him in the early hours. "And," he concluded, vehemently, "'e writes for the papers, too. How'd *you* like to be written for in the papers—in verse, too, which is 'is 'abit. You leave 'im alone. 'Im an' me have been friends for months."

"What about the dead man?" said the policeman who had not given the blow.

"I'll tell you," I said, relenting, and to the three policemen under the lights of Charing Cross assembled I recounted faithfully and at length the adventures of the night, beginning with the *Breslau* and ending at St. Clement Danes. I described the sinful old toper in the ambulance in terms that made him wriggle where he lay, and never since the Metropolitan Police was founded did three policemen laugh as those three laughed. The Strand echoed to it, and the unclean birds of the night stood and wondered.

"Oh lor'!" said Dempsey, wiping his eyes. "I'd ha' given anything to see that old man runnin' about with a wet blanket an' all! Excuse me, sir, but you ought to get took up every night for to make us 'appy." He dissolved into fresh guffaws.

There was a clinking of silver, and the two policemen of St. Clement Danes hurried back to their beats, laughing as they ran.

"Take 'im to Charing Cross," said Dempsey, between shouts. "They'll send the ambulance back in the morning."

"Laddie, ye've misca'ed me shameful names, but I'm o'er-old to go to a hospital. Dinna desert me, laddie; take me home to my wife," said the voice in the ambulance.

"He's none so bad. 'Is wife 'll comb 'is hair for 'im proper," said Dempsey, who was a married man.

"Where d'you live?" I demanded.

"Brugglesmith," was the answer.

"What's that?" I said to Dempsey, more skilled than I in portmanteau words.

"Brook Green, 'Ammersmith," Dempsey translated, promptly.

"Of course," I said. "That's just the sort of place he would choose to live in. I only wonder that it was not Kew."

"Are you going to wheel him 'ome, sir?" said Dempsey.

"I'd wheel him home if he lived in—Paradise. He's not going to get out of this ambulance while I'm here. He'd drag me into a murder for tuppence."

"Then strap 'im up an' make sure," said Dempsey, and he deftly buckled two straps that hung by the side of the ambulance over the man's body. Brugglesmith—I know not his other name—was sleeping deeply. He even smiled in his sleep.

"That's all right," said Dempsey, and I moved off, wheeling my devil's perambulator before me. Trafalgar Square was empty except for the few that slept in the open. One of these wretches ranged alongside and begged for money, asserting that he had been a gentleman once.

"So have I," I said. "That was long ago. I'll give you a shilling if you'll help me to push this thing."

"Is it a murder?" said the vagabond, shrinking back. "I have not got to *that* yet."

"No; it's going to be one," I said. "I have."

The man slunk back into the darkness, and I pressed on, through Cockspur Street, and up to Piccadilly Circus, wondering what I should do with my treasure. All London was asleep, and I had only this drunken carcass to bear me company. It was silent—silent as chaste Piccadilly. A young man of my acquaintance came out of a pink brick club as I passed. A faded carnation drooped from his button-hole; he had been playing cards, and was walking home before the dawn when he overtook me.

"What are you doing?" he said.

I was far beyond any feeling of shame. "It's for a bet," said I. "Come and help."

"Laddie, who's yon?" said the voice beneath the hood.

"Good Lord!" said the young man, leaping across the pavement. Perhaps card losses had told on his nerves. Mine were steel.

"The Lord, the Lord," the passionless, incurious voice went on. "Dinna be profane, laddie. He'll come in His ain good time."

The young man looked at me with horror.

"It's all part of the bet," I answered. "Do come and push."

"W—where are you going to?" said he.

"Brugglesmith," said the voice within. "Laddie, d'ye ken my wife?"

"No," said I.

"Well, she's just a tremenjus wumman. Laddie, I want a drink. Knock at one o' these braw houses, laddie, an'—an'—ye may kiss the girl for your pains."

"Lie still, or I'll gag you," I said, savagely.

The young man with the carnation crossed to the other side of Piccadilly, and hailed the only hansom visible for miles. What he thought I cannot tell.

I pressed on—wheeling, eternally wheeling—to Brook Green, Hammersmith. There I would abandon Brugglesmith to the gods of that desolate land. We had been through so much together that I could not leave him bound in the street. Besides, he would call after me, and, oh, it is a shameful thing to hear one's name ringing down the emptiness of London in the dawn.

So I went on, past Apsley House, even to the coffee stall, but there was no coffee for Brugglesmith. And into Knightsbridge—respectable Knightsbridge—I wheeled my burden, the body of Brugglesmith.

"Laddie, what are ye going to do to me?" he said, opposite the barracks.

"Kill you," I said, briefly, "or hand you over to your wife. Be quiet."

He would not obey. He talked incessantly—sliding in one sentence from clear-cut dialect to wild and drunken jumble. At the Albert Hall he said that I was the "Hattle Gardle buggle," which I apprehend is the Hatton Garden burglar. At Kensington High Street he loved me as a son; but when my weary legs came to the Addison Road Bridge he implored me with tears to unloose the straps and to fight against the sin of vanity.

No man molested us. It was as though a bar had been set between myself and all humanity till I had cleared my account with Brugglesmith. The glimmering of light grew in the sky; the cloudy brown of the wood pavement turned to heather purple. I made no doubt that I should be allowed vengeance on Brugglesmith ere the evening.

At Hammersmith the clouds were steel-gray, and the day came weeping. All the tides of the sadness of an unprofitable dawning poured into the soul of Brugglesmith. He wept bitterly, because the puddles looked cold and houseless. I entered a half-waked public-house—in evening dress and an ulster I marched to the bar—and got him whiskey on condition that he should cease kicking at the canvas of the ambulance. Then he wept more bitterly, for that he had ever been associated with me, and thus seduced into stealing the *Breslau's* dinghy.

The day was white and wan when I reached my long journey's end, and, putting back the hood, bade Brugglesmith declare where he lived. His eyes wandered disconsolately round the red and gray houses till it fell on a villa in whose garden stood a staggering board with the legend "To Let." It needed only this to break him down utterly, and with that breakage fled his fine Northern fluency.

"Olely lil while," he sobbed; "olely lil while. Home—falmy—besht of falmies—wife too. *You* dole know my wife! Left them all a lil while ago. Now everything's sold—all sold. Wife—falmy—all sold. Lemmegellup!"

I unbuckled the straps cautiously. Brugglesmith rolled off his resting-place and staggered to the house.

"Wattle do?" he said.

Then I understood the baser depths in the mind of Mephistopheles. "Ring," I said. "Perhaps they are in the attic or the cellar."

"You do' know my wife. She shleeps on soful in the dorlin'-room waitin' meculhome. *You* do' know my wife."

He took off his boots, covered them with his tall hat, and, craftily as a red Indian, picked his way up the garden path, and smote the bell marked "Visitors" a severe blow with his clinched fist.

"Bell sole too. Sole electick bell! Was sort of bell this? I can't riggle bell," he moaned, despairingly.

"You pull it—pull it hard," I repeated, keeping a wary eye down the road. Vengeance was coming, and I desired no witnesses.

"Yes, I'll pull it hard. He slapped his forehead with inspiration. "I'll pull it out."

Leaning back, he grasped the knob with both hands and pulled. A wild ringing in the kitchen was his answer. Spitting on his hands, he pulled with renewed strength, and shouted for his wife. Then he bent his ear to the knob, shook his head, drew out an enormous yellow and red handkerchief, tied it round the knob, turned his back to the door, and pulled it over his shoulder. Either the handkerchief or the wire, it seemed to me, was bound to give way. But I had forgotten the bell. Something cracked in the kitchen, and Brugglesmith moved slowly down the doorsteps, pulling valiantly. Three feet of wire followed him.

"Pull, oh, pull!" I cried. "It's coming now."

"Qui' ri'," he said. "*I'll* riggle bell."

He bowed forward, the wire creaking and straining behind him, the bell knob clasped to his bosom, and from the noises within I fancied the bell was taking away with it half the woodwork of the kitchen and all the basement banisters as it came up.

"Get a purchase on her," I shouted, and he spun round, lapping that good copper wire about him. I opened the garden gate politely, and he passed out, spinning his own cocoon. Still the bell came up, hand over hand, and still the wire held fast. He was in the middle of the road now, whirling like an impaled cockchafer, and shouting madly for his wife and family. There he met with the ambulance, the bell within the house gave one last peal, and bounded from the far end of the hall to the inner side of the hall door, when it staid fast. So did not my friend Brugglesmith. He fell upon his face, embracing the ambulance as he did so, and the two turned over together in the toils of the never-sufficiently-to-be-advertised copper wire.

"Laddie," he gasped, his speech returning, "have I a legal remedy?"

"I will go and look for one," I said, and I departed, and found two policemen, whom I told that daylight had surprised a burglar in Brook Green while he was engaged in stealing lead from an empty house. Perhaps they had better take care of that bootless thief. He seemed to be in difficulties.

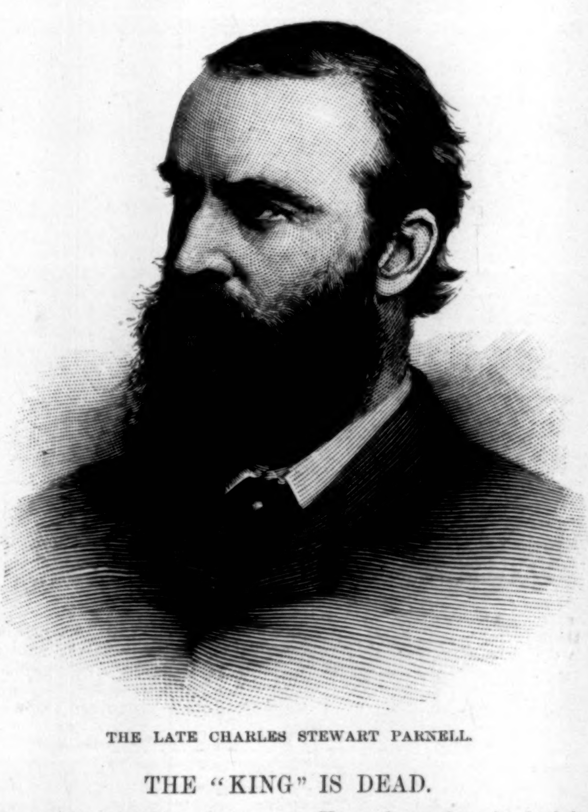
I led the way to the spot, and, behold, in the splendor of the dawning, the ambulance, wheels uppermost, was walking down the muddy road on two stockinged feet — was shuffling to and fro in a quarter of a circle, whose radius was copper wire, and whose centre was the bell plate of the empty house.

Next to the amazing ingenuity with which Brugglesmith had contrived to lash himself under the ambulance, the thing that appeared to impress the constables most was the fact of the St. Clement Danes ambulance being at Brook Green, Hammersmith.

They even asked me, of all people in the world, whether I knew anything about it.

They extricated him, not without pain and dirt. He explained that he was repelling boarding attacks by a "Hattle Gardle buggle" who had sold his house, wife, and family. As to the bell wire, he offered no explanation. He was borne off shoulder-high between the two policemen. Though his feet were not within six inches of the ground, they paddled swiftly, and I saw that in his magnificent mind he was running—furiously running.

Sometimes I have wondered whether he wished to find me.



THE LATE CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

THE "KING" IS DEAD.

So suddenly out of the activities of a fiercely busy life—and a sad credit it is to him that its latest activity was an attempt to repair by religious as well as civil sanction the great wrong he had done—was Charles Stewart Parnell hurried, and so self-contained was the man, so little given to personal anecdote or reminiscence, that those who sit down to the attempt of bringing before their own minds' eyes and the minds' eyes of others some simulacrum of what the man himself was off the hustings and outside the Commons are confronted at once with the paucity of materials for the making of a likeness.

Yet we know that after he left Magdalen, not long before his first unsuccessful stand for Parliament in the great Disraelian reaction to the Conservative party of 1874, he made a tour of this country, visited Washington, saw Congress, and so, we may be sure, visited the seat of his mother's father, "Old Ironsides," Admiral Charles Stewart — then not long since dead—at Bordentown.

So, without sacrificing the truth of history, we may easily run back a very little way—a matter of but two decades—to see this man, the shock of whose fall in death startled two continents before the echoes ceased of his fall in dishonor, standing, a blond, stiff, reticent, backward English college man, of the type of which every steamer brings over two or three specimens, on the Jersey bank of the familiar Delaware. Doubtless he was mightily interested, as all visitors to Bordentown are, with the old stories of Joseph Bonaparte's residence there, and never for a moment dreamed that the slight connection of the "uncrowned King of Ireland" with the place would give its name and fame a ten times wider circulation than that of the discrowned King of Spain.

Yet the connection of Parnell with Bordentown is a good deal closer than at first appears; for he was an Irishman on the American side. It was doubtless the blood of the old Cromwellian Parnells who emigrated from Congleton, Cheshire, to Ireland in Charles II.'s time, that enabled him first to make a party from the nucleus of old Joseph Biggar and himself, and then to drill it into a discipline unprecedented in English and undreamed of in Irish Parliamentary annals. But devotion to the cause of Ireland as Ireland seemed to have died a natural death in the Parnells until the Stewart strain came into it, through the marriage of Charles's father to the daughter of the "Old Admiral," of Stedman's finest poem. It was a more characteristic Irish strain, though Charles Stewart shipped as a cabin-boy in the East India service from his birthplace of Philadelphia, than that which came to the Irish leader through the domiciliation of four generations of paternal Englishry in County Wicklow.

From it, too, as the history of Bordentown makes no attempt to conceal, Charles Stewart Parnell got legitimately the callous contempt of public opinion which characterized Charles Stewart. There is no possibility of dwelling on this point during the lifetime of the poor old woman who fell shrieking on the floor of that old house in Bordentown crying out against the murderers of her son, but a more marked example of pertinacious heredity than the attitude of grandsire and grandson in one particular of conduct has never been recorded.

Far different was the stock on the father's or so-called Irish side. A strong stock it was, but self-controlled, well-regulated, "proper," according to the strictest English sense of the word. The last Parnell prominent in public affairs before the meteoric rise of the member for Cork was his uncle, who took the title Lord Congleton and the paymastership of the forces from Lord Melbourne, Whig Premier, in 1841. There had been, it is true, a great patriot in the family. Charles Stewart Parnell's paternal grandfather, who resigned the Chancellorship of the Irish Exchequer rather than consent to the union, and at a time when Castlereagh was buying Irish notables in droves, obtained the distinguished sobriquet of "the incorruptible." But this was the patriotism of the Volunteer movement of 1782. It was Protestant and loyal, rather of the Hamilton Rowan than the Robert Emmet order, and the family had been thoroughly and in Lord Congleton's case very comfortably reconciled to the government long before the birth of the man who to serve the cause of his country made for a while Parliamentary government impossible.

His father was an office-holder—in fact, High Sheriff of County Wicklow—when he died, and the shrievalty seemed to pass with the estate of Avondale, within whose boundaries is Moore's "Meeting of the Waters," to his son. He was not allowed by government to resign the place when he wished to stand in the Nationalist interest in the general election of 1874, but was compelled to go to a by-election in Dublin, where he got a tremendous beating, after having broken down miserably in accepting the nomination from a council-room full of friendly home-rulers.

There was no great mourning in the Nationalist camp over his defeat. A stiff stammering landlord of the Protestant Englishry, it was not thought that he would be a strong defender of Ireland's rights in the Council Hall of the Saxon. It was supposed that he was a not over-bright young squire, with an ambition to write M.P. after his name, and so, he having promised to stand all expenses of the canvass, was put up to be knocked down.

John Martin, member for Meath, died next year of a cold caught at the funeral of his brother-in-law John Mitchell, the famous figure of the abortive run-to-earth-in-a-cabbage-garden rising of '48, who had just before come home to die, after an exile of twenty-six years. Evidently the home-rulers trusted the young landlord, for they put him up in Martin's place. So Charles Stewart Parnell entered Parliament only sixteen years ago, when he was twenty-nine years of age.

In that year of silence which he passed in the House before coming to the aid of the eccentric Biggar, and back to back with him fighting not only the compact Tory majority, but the larger part of his own party under the moderate leadership of Isaac Butt, he probably formulated the outlines at least of the policy which has conferred such extraordinary legal privileges, or rather exemptions from legal obligations, upon the Irish people. For all was action—action of the *toujours l'audace* variety—as soon as he rose from his seat in his first attempt at obstruction, and all has been action since, with a readiness which predicates long foresight.

Ten years after his first visit to the American Congress, he stood upon the floor upon which he had looked down an unnoticed stranger in the gallery, and doubtless in his heart of hearts (for a strong abhorrence of hypocrisy was one of the strong points in the man's strong character) sneered at the American politicians who had conferred upon him—at that time of 1880 almost a rebel against the English crown—the great honor of holding a veritable levee during the session of Congress; and all for the sole purpose, as he very well knew, of "catching the Irish vote."

Yet he was only Parnell the agitator then. It was the head of the Land League whom Congress bowed down to, not Parnell the great Parliamentary leader; for in the Commons his party was as yet only in the formative period. But Parnell the leader was soon to come. He only waited the opportunity of the accession to power of Mr. Gladstone. In those five great years of his life, 1881-6, he accomplished these things:

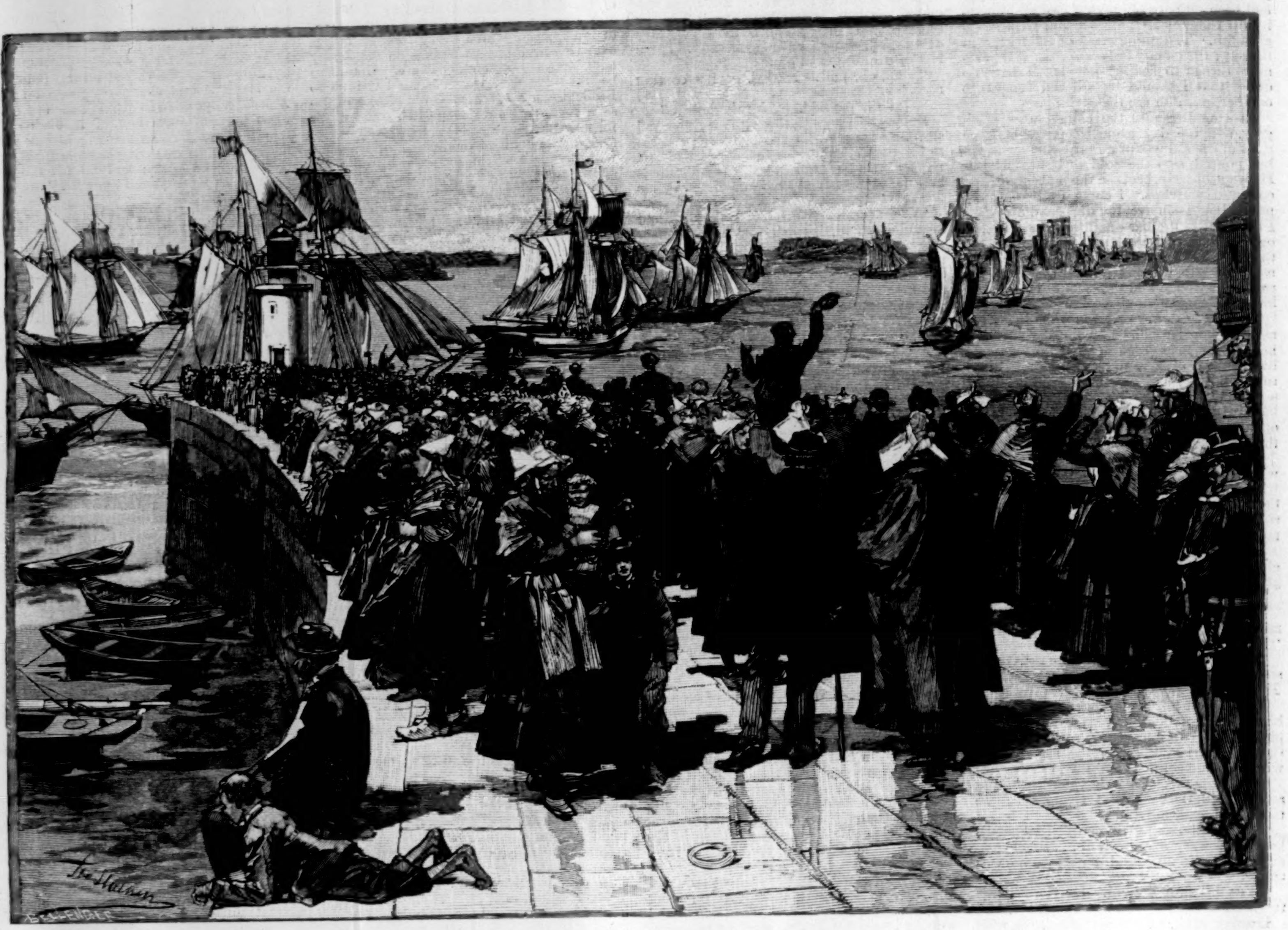
First, though he merely coldly accepted it as "a miserable dole," the passage of a land bill taking out of the hands of landlord and tenant the power of fixing a rent, and putting the power in the hands of a court. This was simply grafting socialism on the English law. Second, the passage of an arrearages act absolving tenants from the payment of 75 per cent. of their back rents. Despite the "poverty of the country," 70,000 of these unfortunate debtors had their 25 per cent. ready, in order to take advantage of the Gladstonian year of jubilee. This was what the Tories called it, flat confiscation—justifiable perhaps, though the principle of the interference of government for the compulsory settlement of a debt on a 25 per cent. basis would be called "Sockless Simpson" legislation in this country—but plain confiscation. Third, the proposal by Mr. Gladstone to buy of the landlords, at a cost of scores of millions of pounds, the soil of Ireland, and to present it—to be sure, with a purchase-money mortgage thereon—to the people of Ireland, to be governed according to their cherished project of home-rule. This last proposition rent in twain the Liberal party, and yet Parnell was to go further yet. It was in the early '80's that Lord Salisbury declared that to make further concessions to the Irish on the land question was like trying to keep off a hungry tiger by giving him your hand to eat; and now, in the early '90's, we find Lord Salisbury sanctioning his nephew Mr. Balfour's plan to give the tiger all but the head of the English body politic in Ireland in his land purchase bill.

All this was the work of Charles Stewart Parnell. Most of it done since the year 1882, when the Premier, who had thrown him into Kilmainham jail, came to its gate to ask his aid in carrying on the government of the British Empire, and brought with him as an evidence of good faith, but certainly not for the publication the transaction afterwards received, the head of his Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Forster, on a charger.

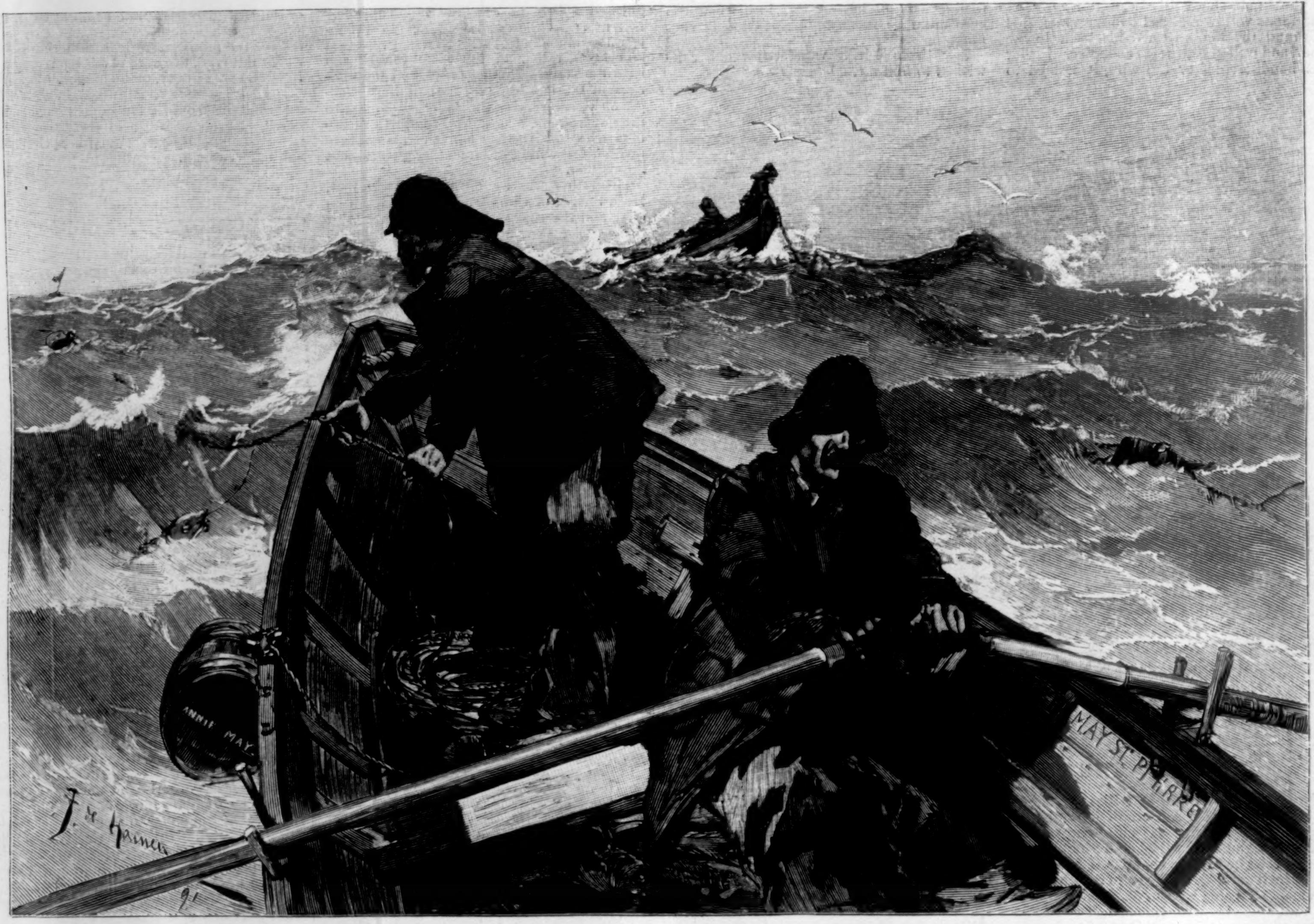
It seems temerity, impudence almost, to ask what he would have done had he not fallen. Surely in a life of forty-five years, in a Parliamentary career of fifteen, this man had done enough.

THE LOSS OF THE "DESPATCH."

THE wreck of the United States steamship *Despatch*, or "the President's private yacht," as she has been unofficially titled for many years, seems, in the absence of any statement from her officers, to have been the unfortunate result of bad seamanship. That the boat was to have been condemned in the very near future has nothing to do with it. She might have been an entirely new cruiser, with the paint fresh on her sides. It may be, however, that the Court of Inquiry will clear Lieutenant Cowles, whose record so far has been an excellent one, and prove that some one has not blundered. The boat went on the shoals off Assateague Island at three o'clock last Saturday morning. The crew of the Assateague Life-saving Station answered her signals for assistance in one hour and a half, having to pull their life-boat to her over two miles of sandy beach, with the water for the greater part of the time up to their armpits. J. S. Tracy, the keeper of the station, sent his boat out ten times, and succeeded in landing all of the 74 persons on board in safety. Nothing was saved from the steamer except those articles which were later washed upon the shore. Even the silver plate of the ship, which is valued at several thousands of dollars, is reported lost. The crew of the *Despatch* behaved remarkably well, and showed the excellence of their past training and discipline. It was six hours before they were all landed, and in that time, although the water was washing over the decks, the men were as orderly and undismayed as though on parade on shore, and not hanging to a boat that was going to pieces under their feet. The brightest part of this disaster is the prompt and able work of the life-saving crew, whose quarters on this almost desolate coast are rough and insufficient to a degree. Their willingness to help the government's servants is a lesson for the government to help them, her stanchest servants; and after they have been given the life-saving medal, for which all life-savers hope, Congress should appropriate enough money to make their quarters not barely habitable, but free from all discomfort.

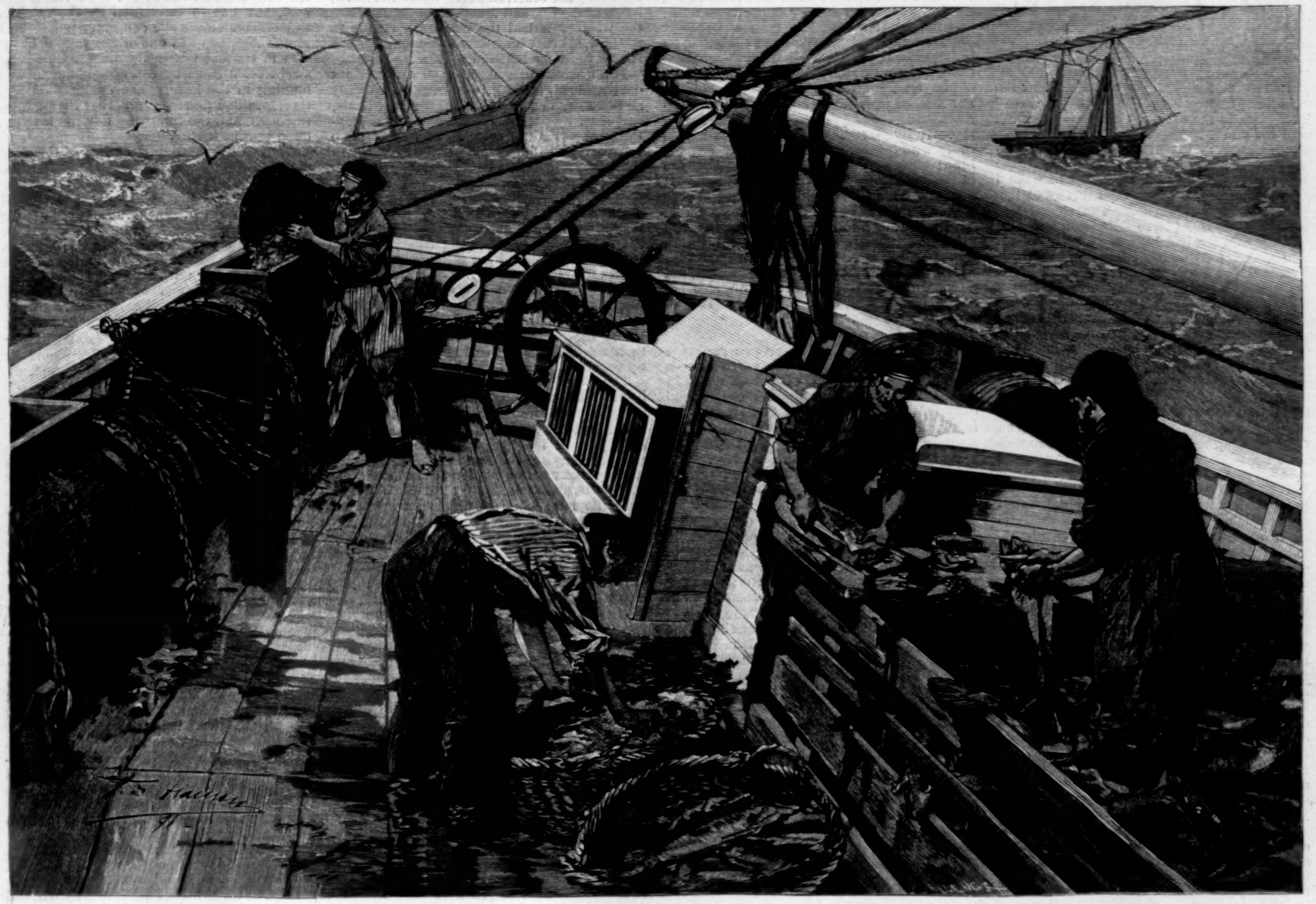


THE DEPARTURE OF THE SHIPS.

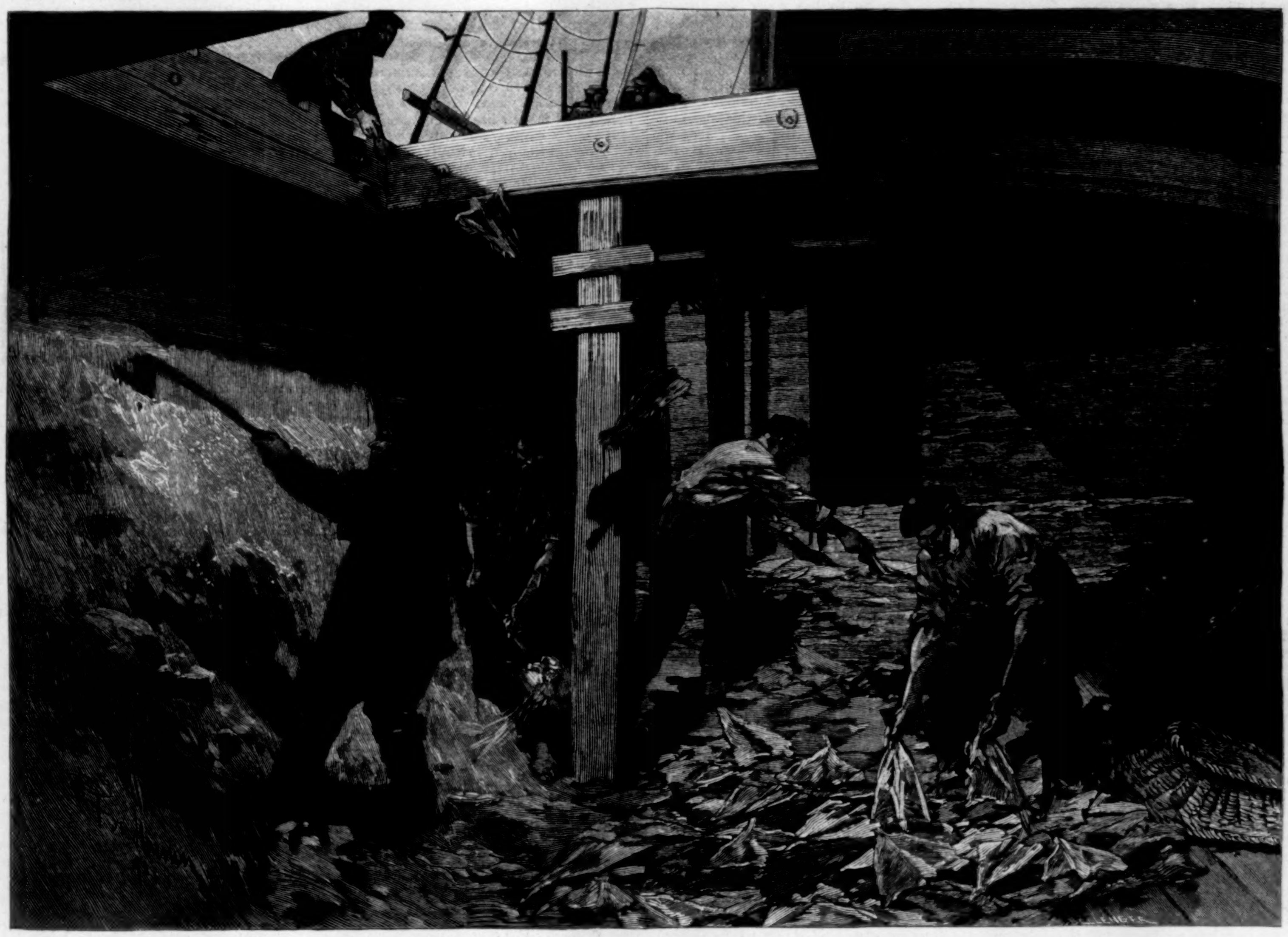


FISHING ON THE BANKS.

NEWFOUNDLAND COD-FISHERY.—[See Page 798.]



PREPARING THE FISH.



SALTING THE FISH ON BOARD.

NEWFOUNDLAND COD-FISHERY.—[See Page 798.]

THE FRENCH COD-FISHERIES ON THE NEWFOUNDLAND BANKS.

BY MARCEL EDANT.—ILLUSTRATED BY F. DE HAENEN.

BETWEEN the middle of August and the middle of September the brigs or "bankers" that work in the open sea on the Great Bank and the minor banks of Newfoundland leave those waters, and return to St.-Malo, St.-Servan, Granville, Dunkerque, Fécamp, and the other ports of the French coast which send out boats every spring to the fisheries of Iceland and Newfoundland. The sloops and schooners of St. Pierre Miquelon are also laid up, and the Iceland fishers, both French and American, who have not yet touched the "Great Land," steer for their respective ports. Alone the boats called *défileurs de golfe*, which fish in the bays of Newfoundland that are washed by the Gulf of St. Lawrence, prolong their absence later in the season.

The French fisheries on the Newfoundland banks present certain particular features that distinguish them from the fisheries along the coast or in the bays of the island, and also from the Iceland fisheries. The disputes that have arisen on the one hand between the English government and its Newfoundland subjects concerning the fishing rights which France has enjoyed since the Treaty of Utrecht on the Great Bank and on certain parts of the coast of Newfoundland, make it opportune to place before the reader the principal phases of one of these fishing campaigns which are at the present moment the object of diplomatic negotiations between the cabinets of London and Paris.

The island of Newfoundland is one of the last of the English colonies of North America that was endowed with a local representative government. It is situated in the Atlantic Ocean, between 46° 37′ and 51° 39′ north latitude, and 54° 55′ and 61° 45′ west longitude, at the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on the east of the coast of Labrador, from which it is separated by the Strait of Belle Isle. The superficies is 40,200 English miles. The eastern coast, from Cape Bauld to the bottom of White Bay, is known as the French Shore, and is so called on account of the fishing privilege granted to the French in 1713 by the Treaty of Utrecht.

The banks which offer so vast a field of activity to the American and French sailors are immense submarine territories situated to the south of Newfoundland, and appear to be composed of sediment deposited by the influence of the sea currents that run in these waters. The largest, called the Great Bank, has the form of an equilateral triangle, with its apex turned towards America, and its base towards Europe. The sides measure about 300 miles long. The bank rests on the deepest parts of the Atlantic, and is covered by 60 to 100 metres of water. It is composed of sand, pebbles, or shells, which become muddy towards the south, where, owing to the depth, the currents no longer make their action felt. To the west of the Great Bank, opposite Nova Scotia, are the banks of Misaine, Artimon, and the little bank, or *banquereau*, which also offer abundant spoils to the fishermen.

Although these waters were continuously frequented by European fishers, and especially by the French, during the whole of the sixteenth century, it does not appear that any establishment of importance was founded there before the beginning of the seventeenth century. Nevertheless, the Northmen, the inhabitants of Denmark and Norway, knew the banks as early as the eleventh century. The French Basques profess to have gone there in the fourteenth century, before Verrazani went in 1527. It is certain, at any rate, that as early as 1504 the Bretons and the Normans went there to cast their nets and lines. A glance at the map of Newfoundland will suffice to show, in the names of the bays and creeks along the coast, traces of this occupation. Belle Isle, Cape Fréhel, St. Lunaire Bay, and the Brehat sand bank are evidently souvenirs of the coasts of Brittany.

And even at the present day it is to Brittany that we must go in order to seek the inspiration of these souvenirs, and to call up before the reader in all their originality the picturesque and too often dramatic aspects of the Newfoundland fisheries. A visit to one of the brigs in the Newfoundland waters, and a trip in a *doris* or small boat with the men who go to take up the lines, are surely interesting subjects for the painter and the writer; but these incidents would give only an incomplete idea of the innumerable difficulties which the fishermen have to overcome, the dangers they encounter, the joy they feel, and the hopes they conceive when they start, the grief that strikes them or their families when they return. To complete the impression we must witness on land, especially in the Breton ports, the different episodes which mark the beginning and the end of a campaign on the banks.

The departure is fixed for the beginning of March. The parents and friends of the fisherman *l'espérent*, as they say on the Breton and Norman coasts—"hope for him," and look forward to his starting with anxiety and resignation. What fate do the tempests, the fogs, and the sand banks of the Atlantic hold in store for these young *mousses*, and for those men in the vigor of maturity, for those boys and for their fathers? Towards the end of February all the "bankers" are ready to go to sea, but they do not leave port all together; most of them start separately; the crews of two, three, four or five brigs at the outside will weigh anchor at the same hour, and bid a last farewell to their wives, their children, their friends, and to France. And in the crowd of good people who swarm along the jetties and watch the boats until they are out of sight, you will not hear a sigh of grief, nor a word of consolation, nor a single syllable betraying the poignant emotion of parting. Resigned! They are all resigned, both those who go away and those who stay behind; all seem to be conscious that they are in the hands of unknown destinies, and that a sombre fatality, against which they are powerless to contend, weighs upon them. And while from the land and from the ship are heard the last cries of "good-by" and *au revoir*, at the moment when every gesture is eloquent of the emotion of separation, not a tear will be seen in the eyes of any. They are resigned, and their hearts are full of hope.

The brig has gained the open sea. On board there is a crew of twenty-five men—a captain, second captain, cabin-boy, nineteen fishermen, and three sailors whose special duty it is to "prepare" the cod, *le décolleur*, *le trancheur*, and *le saleur*, that is to say, the decapitator, the cutter-up, and the salter, whom we shall see at work shortly. The name of the brig is the *Annie May*. She is a ship of 149 tons, strongly built, well rigged, and having seen "lively times," as her crew will tell you.

The *Annie May* steers, first of all, southward, lower than the Azores, in order to avoid the tempests which rage at that time of the year in the north Atlantic; then she sails northward, cuts the Gulf Stream, and at last enters the region of fogs, where she will pass the summer. In Newfoundland the fog is the most terrible and the most dangerous enemy of the sailor and the fisherman. Its almost incessant formation in these regions is due, it is said, to the meeting of the cold polar current with the hot waters of the Gulf Stream.

"Les vergeins! les vergeins!" cries the lookout man, and immediately all the sailors hurry on to the deck, and wait for the captain's orders. The vergins, which the sailors call "vergeins," are the rocks which form, as it were, the summit or crest of the Great Bank. Woe to those who in fog or tempest fail to avoid them!

"Starboard your helm! To the starboard brace!" commands the captain.

The *Annie May* gives a wide berth to the reef, and passes onward towards St. George's Bay, where she will take in a provision of bait before going to the fishing-ground.

Four years ago the French and American bank boats used to buy their bait directly from the English in all the bays of the south, particularly in Fortune Bay. At the beginning of the season in 1888 the French and American fishermen were confronted with a new situation. The Bail Act of February 27, 1887, voted by the Parliament of St. John's, Newfoundland, under the pretext of "keeping the bait for the fisheries of the colony," prohibited its exportation. By forbidding the sale of bait, the Parliament of St. John's proposed to paralyze the operations of the French and the Americans, and thus enable the English to compete against them with formidable advantages. Thanks, however, to the intelligent measures taken by the commander of the French naval division, the average number of "bankers," the very year of the promulgation of the Bail Act, were able in less than a week to obtain a supply of bait in St. George's Bay, either by direct purchase from the inhabitants or by their own means. These transactions caused the inhabitants of the south of Newfoundland to lose more than 300,000 francs a year, which they used to gain very easily when the free exportation of bait was allowed.

Towards the 15th May the *Annie May* takes up her position on her fishing lot, and rides anchored with her big cable. The next day the *doris*, eight in number, fitting one inside the other on the deck of the brig, are hauled out and made ready. The *doris* is a flat-bottomed boat, very light, and marvellously steady at sea. It is a craft of American build, which renders very great service to the French fishermen. Attempts have been made to build *doris* in France with the same wood that the Americans use, of the same thickness, and absolutely of the same form, but the French-built *doris* cannot compare with the American.

Two men take their places in the *doris*, and go to lay ground lines, called *palangres*, or *harouelles*, at a distance of two or three cables, or four to six hundred metres, from the brig. These lines have an average length of 120 fathoms, and carry each a hundred baited hooks; the two ends and the middle are held up by three cords attached to three buoys formed of small barrels about two feet long, painted black, and bearing the name of the brig; these buoys are anchored in 80 to 100 metres of water, and fastened by means of lumps of lead that are sunk at distances of 20 fathoms one from the other.

The lines are generally laid at night. There are five in each *doris*. The fishermen lay them at a distance of 20 to 30 metres from each other, and the next day, early in the morning, they go and take them up, and haul in the fish. When the weather is fine, this operation is without danger, and can be accomplished easily in two or three hours. One of the sailors keeps the boat steady with the oars; the other, standing up in the stern, hauls in the line and takes off the fish. When the weather is bad the fisherman stands in the bow, in order the better to contend against the waves as he hauls in his line.

If the wind rises suddenly or a fog comes on, the *doris* get back to the brig as quickly as possible; but very often these frail boats, surprised by foul weather, become the plaything of wind and waves. In vain the two unfortunate sailors seek their way through the thick fog, and make desperate efforts to keep the *doris* above water.

On board the *Annie May* everything is ready for the preparation of the codfish which the *doris* bring in. The "parks" are built up, one forward and the other astern. The "park" is a sort of movable corral on the deck, six feet wide and twelve feet long, surrounded by a balustrade some 24 or 30 inches high. In each "park" there is a table where the *décolleurs* and the *trancheurs* do their work in the midst of heaps of fish piled up within the balustrade.

The *décolleur*, or decapitator, places the head of the codfish on the edge of the table and chops it off; then he draws the entrails and flings them overboard, and that is the only part of the fish which is lost. The tongues are pulled out and salted in barrels; the stomachs are reputed to be the most delicate parts, and are sold fifty per cent. dearer than the rest; with the heads an excellent soup is made; the roes are used as bait for sardine-fishing; and finally the livers give that oil which is so much employed in therapeutics.

The *décolleur*, when he has finished his operation, passes the codfish to the *trancheur*, or cutter, who splits the fish, and takes out the bone along two-thirds of the length, that is to say, along the part corresponding with the abdominal cavity.

When the fishing yields abundantly, the preparation occupies the decapitator and the cutter almost all day, and sometimes when the "take" is exceptionally great the captain and the second captain lend a hand, and give the men an example of good workmanship. On those days, if the weather is fine, the crew strike up joyous Norman and Breton songs, and when the night comes on they drink gayly the ration of brandy which the captain has doubled. The "bankers" forget their fatigues. Their ordinary, composed of soup, biscuit, and a piece of pork, seems to them princely. Their beds, made of a few planks in the bows of the ship, where the air stinks with putrefying roes and livers, feels to them like a downy couch.

In tempest or in fog the "bankers" are no less willing and patient. If the *doris* bring no fish on board, and if there is no more to be prepared, they will find other work to do—clean up the ship, repair the damage caused by the last gale, or make new lines to replace those which "the waves and submarine currents" have worn out, as they say in their picturesque language. If the storm grows fiercer, and if their life is in danger, they will still remain calm. The ship, weighted with the cable in the bows, rises with difficulty to the enormous waves that sweep the deck. The men are tranquil, each one at his post, waiting for the captain to give the order to close reef or to cut the cable.

The codfish, decapitated and cut up, is washed on the deck. The roes are put in barrels pierced with holes, so that they may be kept drained. The livers are thrown into barrels at the stern of the ship on deck.

The salting of the cod is done in the hold. Each "banker" brings from France its cargo of salt, an ingredient which, it is needless to say, plays a capital rôle in the fishing campaign. The salting is one of the most important and delicate operations. If there is not enough salt on the fish, it will not keep; if there is too much, the fish is black and moist. A good salter is just as valuable to the owner of a "banker" as a good captain.

Four men are generally employed to salt the fish in the hold. One, with a sort of curved trident, shovels down the salt to the level of the piles of fish already made; the other receives the fish that are thrown down from the deck, and passes them to the piler, who places them with minute care in close layers; finally the salter comes with his shovel in his hand, spreads salt over the layers of fish, and looks after the methodical and regular execution of all these processes. This work has to be done quickly and well. As soon as the fish has been washed it ought not to remain on deck, but be stowed away as quickly as possible. Furthermore, if the codfish is not packed regularly, without the edges touching, and if the layer of salt is too thick or too thin, the salting is compromised, and the drying of the fish, which is done especially at Bordeaux and Cette, will give a cod of poor quality.

In the early fall the Newfoundland and the Iceland fishermen return to their ports in Brittany and Normandy. The other day the *Annie May* was signalled by the semaphore of St.-Malo. She was waiting in the bay, a few miles from the port, for the visit of the customs officers, who, after examining her log-book, give her the visa for entrance. The customs officers are charged with inquiring into the sanitary condition of the ship, and with noting at the same time the number of fish caught. If there has been no sailor sick during the voyage the visa is given immediately. If, on the contrary, the brig has lost one of her crew from sickness, she has to be visited by the quarantine officers before she can enter port. The *Annie May* has lost one of her sailors, but it was in the open sea; the poor fellow was swept off a *doris* by a wave while he was hauling in the lines. The customs officers therefore had no reason to order the quarantine visit, and the following day the brig entered port at high water.

On the quay were the relatives of the crew and a few sight-seers. The return, like the departure, does not occasion any noisy manifestations. For that matter, those interested have had news of the fishermen once or twice during the season. Towards the month of June the *chasseur* or messenger has brought letters from Newfoundland and news of what was going on along the banks. The *chasseur* is a schooner which the owners of the "bankers" send out about the middle of the campaign, along the French coast of Newfoundland and along the banks, to take the first lot of fish and to inquire about the season's prospects. And if after the *chasseur* has left the banks one of the sailors dies or if some catastrophe happens in the waters that they frequent, the news is almost always brought to France before the "bankers" return. The relatives of those "lost at sea," the wives and children of those who have "disappeared," have already learnt before the comrades return that the crew is incomplete, and those who come to embrace their husband, son, or brother, after so long an absence, seem to wish to hide the joy and happiness that they feel. Resigned on the day of the departure of the brig, they seem on the day of the return to taste with fear and trembling the joy which the angry sea will perhaps soon change into inconsolable grief.

The fishermen land on the quay the rough trunks or chests of pine wood containing their clothes and linen, and some little trifles which fancy or piety have made precious in their eyes. These chests are the most highly esteemed objects on board, and contain the whole fortune of the crew. When all the chests have been landed, the eldest sailor distributes among his comrades all the dried fish—caplin, squid, and herring—that has not been used for bait, and the fish that has been taken during the campaign to "fatten the ordinary," as they say.

As for the codfish, the sailors will not have any of it. They will not eat of this fish that they have taken at the risk of the greatest dangers. The hatchway of the hold is closed, and the brig in a day or two will leave St.-Malo for Bordeaux, Nantes, or La Rochelle, where syndicates of purchasers await the arrival of the whole produce of the season, which has been bought several days before the ship arrives.

And the salary of the fishermen? In general it will be proportionate to the number of cod taken; rarely will it exceed six or seven hundred francs, and often it will sink below these figures. Whatever be the conditions of engagement, whether they have accepted payment *au tiers*, *au last*, or by the cod, the season's work will not give the sailors a more remunerative salary than the above. Generally the conditions of engagement for the Newfoundland fisheries are the following: One-third part of the proceeds of the sale of the fish is set aside for the payment of the crew; this third is divided into as many parts as there are sailors on board plus two; according to their functions, and independently of their parts as fishermen, the captain has four-tenths, the second captain three-tenths, the lieutenant and second lieutenant each one-tenth, the salter one-tenth, the cabin boy two-tenths; the rest is divided among the fishermen proportionately with the selling price.

Now let us visit the home of the fisherman of the *Annie May* who was swept off his *doris* by the waves. He was from Tréguier, and for more than twenty years had been fishing on the Newfoundland banks. He was an experienced and bold sailor. His death was announced towards the end of July at Paimpol by a "banker" which had been obliged to return to France before the end of the season, having run short of biscuit. M. de Haenen and myself were at Paimpol when the news arrived. We learned it from a sailor with whom we were talking about fish and fishing.

"Who will inform the family?" asked M. de Haenen.

"The rector of the cathedral of Tréguier," replied the sailor.

Throughout Brittany it is the custom to intrust these painful missions to the priests, and by preference to the rectors of the town or village where the relatives of the deceased live. M. de Haenen suggested that we should go ourselves and carry the sad news to the rector of Tréguier, and beg him at the same time to allow us to be present when he made the official communication to the family. So we left for Tréguier, and witnessed the scene depicted in the large composition here engraved, where the artist has rendered with rare vigor the inconsolable grief of the fisherman's widow, the stupefaction of the old grandmother, the alarmed attitude of the children who do not yet comprehend the full extent of their misfortune, and the indifference of the babies, poor little creatures, who think only of playing, and know yet nothing about the catastrophe of human life.

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT IS DOING FOR THE FARMER.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

Farmers are chronic grumblers, and it has long been a saying among them that they were unhappy men when they had no reason to find fault. The condition of dissatisfaction among them has shown itself recently by the formation of the Farmers' Alliance, which seeks by political control to right all the farmers' wrongs. But the farmer has another cause to be unhappy this year. Nature has been so kind to him that everything he has planted has grown bountifully, and the crops are almost unprecedentedly large. And owing to a short crop in Europe, the farmer this year will get exceedingly good prices for what he has grown. At this time, when large crops have renewed the prosperity of the country and revived business in all of its branches, it is interesting to note what is being done by the government to aid the farmers in the practice of agriculture, which as an art has not kept pace during the past century with the progress made in other branches of industry. Recognizing this, the government has borrowed an idea from Europe, and by the establishment of agricultural experiment stations in all of the States is attempting to teach American farmers to apply the investigations and discoveries of the laboratory to their ordinary business. In Europe such experiment stations are conceded to have done great good in teaching farmers to abandon many practices which were no longer profitable, and to adopt in their stead others more in accord with the discoveries which scientists have made as to the nature of soils and the action of fertilizers under different conditions, and varying in their constituent parts.

Some forty years ago a number of farmers formed a company in the little German village of Moeckern, and started the first agricultural experiment station. They employed a chemist, and also had the aid of the influence of the University of Leipsic. Their efforts were appreciated by the government, which afterwards helped them. Of course these were not the first scientific agricultural investigators, for Lawes and Gilbert in England, Boussingault in France, and Liebig in Germany, besides many others, had done great and valuable work in the same direction years before. But this was the first time that an experiment station proper—the organization of scientific research with the aid of government—had been started as a permanent branch of agricultural business. These Saxon agriculturists had many imitators, and in five years' time there were four more stations in Europe. In ten years the number had increased to fifteen, in fifteen years to thirty, and in forty years to more than one hundred. In each of these European establishments there are from one to ten persons engaged in scientific research of the laws underlying the practice of farming, and in finding how they are best applied. It was a long time before the movement extended to the United States.

The first agricultural experiment station in America was established in 1875, at Middletown, Connecticut, in the chemical laboratory of Wesleyan University. The example was soon followed elsewhere; in 1880 four were in operation, and in 1887 there were seventeen of these institutions in fourteen States. In that year Congress made the enterprise national by an appropriation of $15,000 per annum to each of the States and Territories which had established or should establish agricultural colleges or agricultural departments of colleges. This has led to the establishment of new stations, or the increased development of stations previously established under State authority, so that there are to-day forty-six—or, counting branch stations, fifty-seven—agricultural experiment stations in the United States. Every State has at least one station, several have two, and one has three. Before provision had been made for the admission of the new States, Dakota had established one within her boundaries, and several other Territories have now done likewise.

These forty-six stations now employ over 370 trained men in the prosecution of experimental inquiry. The appropriation of the United States government for the last fiscal year for them and for the office of experiment stations in the Agricultural Department was $595,000; for this year it is $600,000. The several States appropriate about $125,000 in addition, making the sum total of about $720,000 given from public funds for the support of agricultural experiment stations in the United States. "This may seem," says Mr. W. O. Atwater, the director of the office of experimental stations for the United States Department of Agriculture, "like a large sum to expend annually for agricultural experiments, but it is less than 10 cents for each of the 7,500,000 farm-workers of the country, less than 2½ cents for each of the 30,000,000 of our population directly dependent upon agriculture for their support, and less than 1¼ cents for each of the 60,000,000 of our people who consume the products of our farms. The farming lands, farm implements, and live-stock of the country are estimated to be worth $12,000,000,000. The experiment stations cost us, therefore, about $6 25 a year for every million dollars invested in agriculture; or, reckoning the annual value of the products of our farms at $2,200,000,000, we are now spending about 33⅓ cents for every thousand dollars' worth of products in an attempt to increase the value of those products in future years."

Public attention is now strongly attracted to the land-grant colleges because of the passage of an act at the last session of Congress making grants of public funds for the maintenance and endowment of these institutions. The chief provisions of this act are as follows: Annual appropriations are to be made out of the proceeds of sales of public lands to each State and Territory for the more complete endowment and maintenance of the colleges for the benefit of agriculture and mechanic arts established in accordance with the act of Congress of July 2, 1862. Fifteen thousand dollars were appropriated for the year ending June 30, 1890, and thereafter an annual increase of $1000 in the amount of the appropriation for ten years, after which time the annual amount to be paid to each State and Territory is to be $25,000. These funds are to be applied only to instruction in agriculture, the mechanic arts, the English language, and the various branches of mathematical, physical, natural, and economic science, with special reference to their applications in the industries of life, and to the facilities for such instruction.

The number and diversity of problems to be solved in the widely separated sections of the country, and the need of linking the stations together, of co-ordinating their efforts, of bringing to them the fruits of accumulated experience, of assisting them in research, and of collating their products and making them available to the public, all evince the wisdom of Congress in providing for a central agency as a branch of the Department of Agriculture to meet the need. It is the duty of that department to indicate lines of inquiry, furnish such advice and assistance as will best promote the objects for which the agricultural experiment stations are established, and then "compare, edit, and publish such results" of their work as may be deemed necessary.

The stations employ 428 persons in the work of administration and inquiry, and in 1890 there were established thirty-six annual reports and 225 bulletins. The mailing lists of the stations now aggregate about 40,000 names. At a low estimate a total of 35,000,000 pages containing information on agricultural topics were disseminated during that year. Probably ninety per cent. of these bulletins went directly to farmers, and the remainder were sent to societies, institutions, libraries, and newspapers. This number of bulletins could not, of course, reach any large percentage of the vast numbers of farmers in the country, but when it is considered that all newspapers make more or less copious extracts from the bulletins, and the agricultural press gets from these publications a large share of the matter which it prints, it will readily be seen that the results of the experiments have a very wide and far-reaching circulation. The object of the stations, of course, is educational; but the writers of the bulletins ought to take into consideration that the value of the information they are intended to disseminate will be almost entirely nullified, so far as the ordinary farmer is concerned, if these bulletins are expressed in technical scientific language which an uneducated man cannot understand. Ordinary language, any one will concede, is not usually exact enough for a scientific discussion or announcement, and it is certainly very desirable that the chemist of one station should so make his reports for the benefit of his colleagues at other stations, and the scientific world generally, that there could be no chance of a misunderstanding of the exact meaning of what he describes; but to send out such reports to ordinary farmers is not only useless, but hurtful.

If a farmer receives a bulletin describing a test with corn or potatoes—two homely crops with which he is very familiar, and about which he fancies he knows all that is worth knowing—and the language describing the tests be of such a character that he cannot comprehend what has been done, he is certainly no better off for having read the bulletins, and it is most likely that he will conceive the idea that the experiments are useless in themselves and a wanton waste of the public funds. In order that the work of these stations should do an immediate good, each bulletin should be twice written—once for students and scientific investigators, and once for popular distribution. It is true that the editors of agricultural papers rewrite their bulletins in condensed form for the benefit of their readers, and there is no reason why there should not be two editions of each paper. The increase in cost would be inappreciable, for the reason that the technical edition would be quite small in number, and the popular edition much shorter in space.

The Director of Agricultural Stations makes a warm plea in one of his official reports against popularizing the work of the stations. He argues that the work done is for educational purposes, and that this should never be lost sight of. This is all very true, but if his plan were carried to its logical conclusion, we should never have greatly improved farming methods very generally adopted until such time had arrived when all our husbandmen had been prepared for and graduated from the agricultural colleges. Or his plan might work well if the great majority of the farmers of to-day were educated men, or even if the farmers of the next generation were likely to be sufficiently educated to easily understand scientific terms and appreciate the spirit of scientific investigation. But such is not the case, and any one with knowledge of agricultural communities knows very well that it is not likely to be the case with even the coming generation. A man does not acquire education with the same facility with which he puts on a suit of ready-made clothes. I do not believe that the average American farmer knows that he is ignorant, or dreams that his sons and daughters have need of more thorough knowledge than has sufficed for him. The educational process is a gradual one. What the farmer needs now is concrete information which he can grasp. When he has tested the value of that, he will perhaps be glad to know of the experimental steps by which the laborious investigator arrived at the knowledge which enabled him to do so and so, and thereby increase the yield of his land. Some of the stations are attempting to do this, and I note that where such is the case there is a much greater demand for the bulletins of information than from those stations which adhere to stricter scientific methods of reporting the investigations and tests made.

Farmers in the older States are spending millions of dollars annually for commercial fertilizers. In this country, as in Europe, they have become an absolute necessity on worn-out soils; but to make them profitable it is necessary that they should fit the wants of the soil and crops for which they are used. If a farmer buys potash for land which abounds in potash but needs phosphoric acid, he of course loses. The fundamental principle in the use of commercial fertilizers is to select those materials which supply in the best forms and at the lowest cost the plant food which the crop needs and the soil fails to furnish.

In order to enable farmers to find out the wants of their own soils and the best way of supplying them, and at the same time to get light upon the properties of soils in different sections of the country, a number of the stations are introducing soil tests with fertilizers, which are largely conducted both by the stations and also by individual farmers on their own farms. Of course many of the experiments are failures, but many practical men who have engaged in this work have declared that they have thus learned a great deal which is practically useful and highly instructive.

The results of these tests in general show that "soils vary greatly in their capabilities of supplying food to crops. Different ingredients are deficient in different soils. The best way to learn what materials are proper in any given case is by observation and experiment. The rational method for determining what ingredients of plant food a soil fails to furnish in abundance, and how these unfurnished materials can be most economically supplied, is to put the question to the soil with different fertilizing materials, and get the reply in the crops produced. The chief use of fertilizers is to supply plant food. It is good farming to make the most of the natural resources of the soil and of the manures produced on the farm, and to depend upon artificial fertilizers only to furnish what more is needed. It is not good economy to pay high prices for materials which the soil itself may yield, but it is good economy to supply the lacking ones in the cheapest way."

Probably the most valuable practical work that these experiment stations have done has been to analyze these various commercial fertilizers which are offered for sale by manufacturers. In some of the States, in New Jersey, for instance, the fertilizers are analyzed, and the qualities of chemicals found in each sample compared with what the manufacturer claimed that the composition contained. So as to make this perfectly plain, the money value of the chemicals found in each sample is noted, and compared with the price charged by the manufacturer. Some startling results have been shown. One fertilizer selling, say, at $25 per ton would be found to have a value of $28; another, selling at $40 a ton, would be found to be worth only $15; and in one instance I recall the manufacturer charged $43 a ton for his complete fertilizer, and the chemist found that its actual value was only $2 50. Bulletins like these have certainly done great good, for they have warned farmers from buying inferior chemicals, and they have compelled manufacturers to keep their compositions up to the advertised standard. When there is more universal education among the farmers it will only be necessary to express the values of fertilizers in chemical terms. We have the authority of the United States Agricultural Department for the statement that in the States where experiment stations have long been established the greater number of the farmers now need nothing more than these chemical terms to guide them in selecting the special fertilizers needed in given cases.

In the matter of seed sold and recommended by seed merchants and seed-growers the experiment stations have done and are doing excellent service. With the exception of one or two firms of very high standing, the seedsmen of America vie with each other in bringing out each season novelties in the way of plants both for the vegetable garden and the field. These are advertised extensively; the most preposterous claims are made for each of them. And what is more to the seedsmen's purpose, these novelties bring very high prices. In more than nine cases out of ten they are not novelties at all, but merely old and well-known varieties with new names. This is nothing more nor less on the part of the seedsmen than obtaining money under false pretences. Many of the stations have begun experimenting with these novelties, and in not a few instances the swindles have been exposed. There is scarcely a seed-house in the country which does not advertise anywhere from two to twenty varieties of tomatoes which can be obtained from none of its rivals. There are, of course, many varieties of tomatoes, but there is not a single one of any real merit which is not sold under some ten or twenty different names, and each time it has been renamed it has been announced as a new, wonderful, and valuable variety. In this work of exposing the dishonesty of seedsmen the experiment stations will have to work without the aid of the agricultural press, for the seed merchants are large advertisers, and not a small part of the advertising is devoted to these new varieties.

In the investigation as to the feeding of animals much interesting work has been done. Thirty-one stations are conducting feeding experiments for milk, beef, mutton, or pork, or are studying methods of experimenting. Among the questions considered are the effects of different feeding stuffs and rations upon the quality and quantity of milk yielded by cows, upon the flesh, muscle, and bone of beef, and upon the lean and fat of pork and mutton, etc. The manurial value of different feeding stuffs is also taken into account. Not only are different breeds of animals compared, but of late more and more attention is being paid to individual differences in animals of the same breed. It is already clear that individual peculiarities are often of more consequence than breed distinctions, and that the farmer should not only be careful to choose animals according to the purpose he has in view in keeping them, but should also keep a close watch on each animal, and get rid of the unprofitable ones.

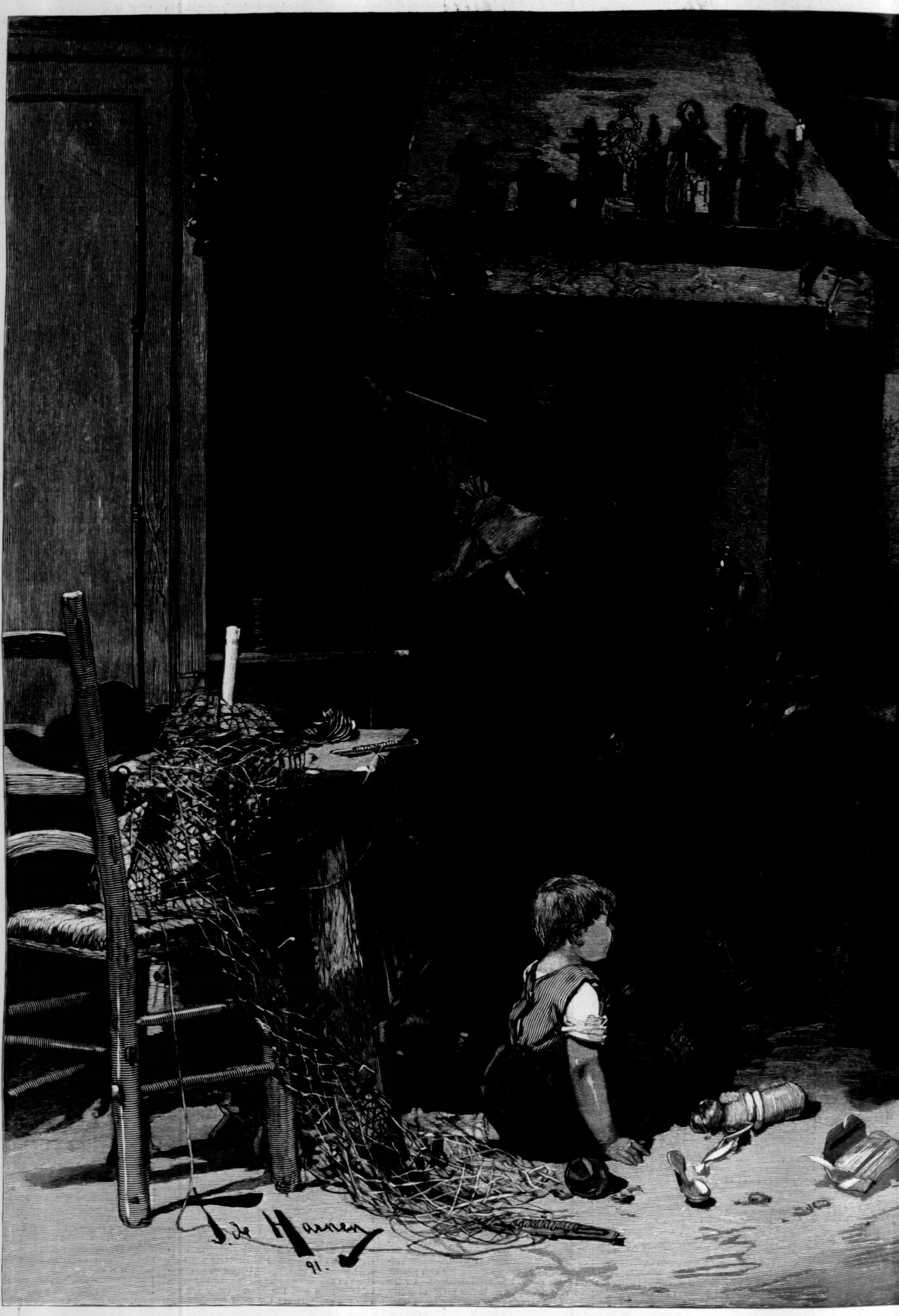
Feeding experiments are comparatively expensive, and require the able management of experts for satisfactory results. Plans are now under consideration by which it is hoped, through the co-operation of the stations, to secure better methods of investigation, and to study special problems by experiments with large numbers of animals. Much help in this line of work has been received, and more is reasonably expected, from individual and associated breeders and dairymen in different parts of the country.

Not only is the feeding of dairy animals an important part of stationwork, but many special investigations are in progress on the composition of milk, the influence of minute organisms (bacteria) on the souring and creaming of milk and the making of butter and cheese. In several States special attention has been devoted to creameries. Much has been done by the stations to promote paying for the milk delivered to creameries according to its quality as well as its quantity. As an aid to this direction, much ingenuity has been exercised in devising simple, inexpensive, and accurate methods of testing the proportion of butter fat in milk. Several such methods have already been devised, and are more or less widely used. They promise to be very serviceable to dairymen in testing the quality of the milk of individual cows, and getting rid of the unprofitable ones.

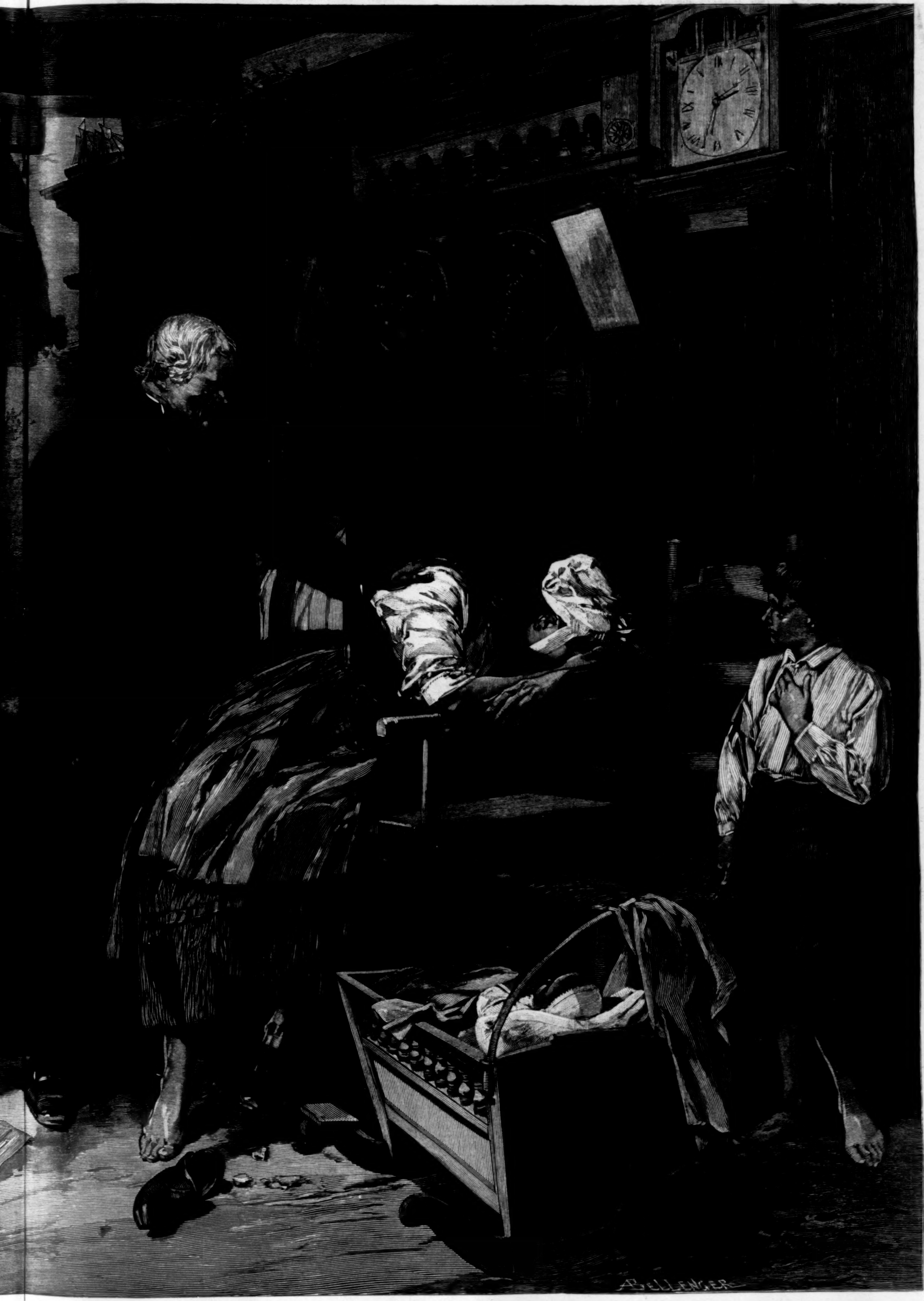
It will be noticed that a great many stations, if not all of them, are at work on the same problems at the same time. If similar experiments at the various stations reach the same conclusion, the tests will of course be more satisfactory and convincing. But for fifty scientific organizations to be at work at once on the same tests appears to be rather overdoing the thing. These stations could be formed into groups with reference to climate and latitude, and the experiments for each season agreed upon beforehand. If the United States Agricultural Department had the authority to determine in advance the experiments to be made at each station, some such arrangement as this would doubtless be made; but as it is, each station director is free to do as he deems best. Meetings of directors might be held each year, and experiments of general interest apportioned out among the stations.

In several of the States, especially in those where the Farmers' Alliance is strong, there is a disposition to treat the funds of the agricultural stations as so much spoil for the politicians.

As to whether the farmer politicians will set an example which professional politicians elsewhere will follow, I shall not venture an opinion. The institutions are yet too young to have attracted the attention of the spoilsmen, and, as a rule, the offices are filled with earnest and competent men, who are zealous in the performance of the work intrusted to them. If this standard be maintained, and the zeal of the scientists be always regulated by a conservative regard for the plain farmers, so that all the benefits of discoveries which may be made shall be within the reach of all practical agriculturists, then these stations will enjoy the popularity and receive the support which they deserve as educational institutions whose main object is to teach the future generations which shall hereafter till the soil and harvest the fruits of the earth.


F. de Haenen
91.

NEWFOUNDLAND COD-FISHERY—ANNO


A. BELLENGER

NNOUNCING THE SAD NEWS.—[See Page 798.]

THE PILGRIM.

He sought the land of spring,
And through the wide world went.
He halted when he heard the robins sing,
And where the buds their wondrous fragrance blent.

But later on there came
The breath of frost and chill;
The forest shed its robes of gold and flame,
The birds flew southward o'er the distant hill.

Intent upon his quest
He went through all the earth;
He sought the happy islands of the West,
Where winter never silenced summer's mirth.

At length he loved, and then
He could not understand
The passage of the robin and the wren;
To him sweet spring reigned ever in the land.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE SOUTHERN MARCH OF THE BIRDS.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

THIS is the great marching season of the birds. They are coming from Northern regions where they have spent the summer and reared their broods of young, warping along through the air by night and day in vast congregations and with the regularity of armies. They stay in the North till the biting polar winds begin to pipe over the plains and scum the pools with ice; then they gather in flocks, rise high into the air, some of them circling round and round, as if to determine their bearings, after which a few of the older birds lead off on the journey.

Hundreds of different families of birds go South in the fall and North in the spring, but they never mix. The robins keep to themselves; so do the thrushes, the warblers, the woodpeckers, bobolinks, ducks, and other birds. Even in the night there is no confusion of the battalions of these feathered travellers. Some of them set out on their journey only in the night, but these are birds that live much in the covert, and are afraid of exposing themselves in such large numbers in the day.

As long as the weather remains warm in the North they will not start on their migration; but the first frosty night sends them to the edge of the wood, where they assemble for the passage, uttering loud calls which ring for half a mile round, as if the leaders were gathering the scattered detachments of the army. Birds that never come near each other in summer become friends in the marching season; they chase each other round and round, and frolic and shrill on the edge of the woods in hundreds and thousands. When dark settles over the forest on a clear night, when the stars are shining, they rise with the regularity of soldiers, the older birds—that is, those who had migrated one or more seasons before—leading the way. They at once cease their frolics, and gather in a compact body, a few veterans leading, rising sometimes to a height of more than a mile in the air.

But the leading birds are true pilots, for they never get out of their course. It is surmised that they select some star or group of stars, as the ancient mariners did before the compass was invented, and follow it as long as the sky remains unclouded. These night travellers will fly about three hundred miles during the night, but a little after dawn they depress their course, and sweep along a hundred yards or so above the surface in quest of a place to rest and feed. When the leaders alight, all the rest follow their example, and they at once begin scurrying around in search for breakfast, after which they hide themselves, and sleep till the sun is low. Once more they set up their chatter, wheeling, screeching, and calling on the wing; and if the weather is warm, they may spend several days at the halting-place. The veterans then lead them off to other feeding-grounds, and when night falls they go to sleep, but they are awing again at dawn, filling the place with tumult. The lives of the migratory birds are exceedingly happy.

This, however, represents only the agreeable side of their marches. Sometimes after they have set out, clouds cover the stars, and the light goes out of the sky. Often great storms arise, and the birds are driven out of their course, or, in the words of Tennyson, are "blown about the sky"; so they become bewildered, and instinct and knowledge both seem to fail them. They then take shelter till the tempest is over, when they ascertain their bearings, and start off after sunrise. It is a more serious matter for birds flying across bays, gulfs, and other stretches of salt water to lose their way among the clouds at night, for they have nowhere to perch. So they are frequently hustled about through the air, the company, getting broken up, falling exhausted into the sea, where they drown. Most of the birds, however, that have to fly across the sea start only when a steady breeze blows in their direction. The geese that breed in the interior of Newfoundland gather in vast congregations on the headlands after the first gray frost, and wait for a steady northeaster before the start. They are now passing in hundreds of thousands on their way to the stubble fields of the South, where they will spend the winter. The captain of a schooner told me that he was out in a heavy storm in the Gulf of St. Lawrence late in the fall. It had been blowing a stiff breeze from the northeast, but during the night the wind veered, and a southern gale sprang up. Just about dawn the deck watch were astonished to see a number of large birds alight on the deck, railings, and hatchways. They were wild geese, and losing their way in the storm, had taken refuge on the first object that was in sight, as they will not go in the sea, though water-birds. The goose is one of the wildest and wariest birds known, but they were now so tired, frightened, and confused that the deck hands went up to them, and killed them with gaffs and fenders. But the wild goose, which may be heard "honking" overhead every day now in country places, can fly five or six hundred miles without taking a rest. They leave the Northern wildernesses fat and somewhat slow of flight, but when they reach their winter haunts they are lean and seem to fly much faster.

Some species of birds travel South in the fall and North in the spring by the valley of the Mississippi, having regular stopping-places along the route, but huge bodies of them prefer to skirt along the coast, keeping pace with the changing season; they also go by other routes. The light-keepers, who stand inside of the lanterns at night, have many interesting things to tell about the Northern as well as the Southern marches. On a very dark night in the passage season the lanterns are literally pelted by birds, some of them striking against the thick plate-glass with all their force, and falling backward to the ground or into the sea, dead. Others fly more cautiously, and hover around the glare, remaining till morning.

A few evenings ago I took the steamer, with a party of naturalists, to Bedloe's Island, as the electric lights at the top of the statue are known to attract multitudes of birds every spring and fall. There had been cold weather for a few days before, and millions of birds were hastening South. We obtained a permit, and went up to the topmost gallery of the statue, and waited. The night had not far advanced when all the heavens seemed to become full of wings, which produced a tempest of whirring sound. Then came the calls of the leaders, and they rang out so clearly that they could be heard for half a mile through the storm. The responses were fainter than the signalling cries, but they were quite definite. The object of the calls, of course, was to keep the flocks together, for, as could be seen through strong glasses, birds of a hundred species were driving along on the breast of the storm. All that came near the statue hovered around the light in large circles, but some of them struck against the bronze or stone. There were sand-pipers of every kind, "peeting, peeting," as they went; golden-wings and other woodpeckers, with their loud and rather hoarse cries; warblers of every kind—and their signalling ran through a wide gamut of sounds—thrushes, robins, meadow-larks, nuthatchers, and congregations of bobolinks that filled the air with hurricanes of lovely music as they swept by. Sometimes a huge black cloud passed along, and the glasses showed that they were blackbirds, but they did not chatter as they do on the edge of the forest. The leaders made all the noise and preserved order. I know not how many flocks went by of teal, wood-duck, black duck, mergansers, curlew, snipe, plover, pewees, phœbe-birds, and what not; but none could mistake the kingfishers as they went, with their scolding laughter, through the dark.

We caught a score or so of the birds in nets and in our hats, and kept them till the morning, after which we released them. And all through the night bats chased and feasted upon the silly moths that gathered around the spikes of electric flame.

A large number of birds lay dead upon the grass in the morning, having struck the statue. One morning, shortly after the statue was put up, over a thousand birds were picked up; but latterly they seem to be aware of the danger, and not nearly so many are killed against this tall obstruction.

"SMALL SWEET COURTESIES."

LIFE is so complex, its machinery so intricate, that it is impossible that the wheels should always move smoothly and without friction. There is a continual straining of every nerve to gain and keep a place in this over-crowded busy world. What wonder if in the hurry and pushing the rights of others are trampled or completely ignored, when every individual is in such haste that time fails for the "small sweet courtesies of life"!

But it is the little offices of friendship—the encouraging smile, the appreciative word, the thought for our preferences, the avoidance of our prejudices—which make life easier, and which lessen in a marvellous degree all its worries and perplexities. For nothing prevents friction so perfectly as the exercise of what we sometimes disdainfully call the minor virtues. As though one should be endowed with truth, and yet, lacking prudence and delicate insight and circumspection, wound with sharp needle pricks the sensitive hearer. We do not care to be constantly reminded of our failings. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend," but friends too often show a fondness for the scalpel, and lay bare our pet weaknesses in a truthful but exceedingly uncomfortable fashion.

A gentlewoman never fails in the small sweet courtesies. Instinctively she respects the feelings of others, and having the golden rule by heart, it is from her heart that all lovely, love-compelling graces flow. "In her tongue is the law of kindness," and she has the ready tact which takes advantage of every opportunity to render the lives of others happier,

> "And every morning, with 'Good-day,'
> Makes each day good."

Her winning smile and gentle ministrations, her soft voice and unfailing sympathy, insure her always a ready welcome, and, like the sun, she "finds the world bright, because she first makes it so."

The fairy tale of our young days has a peculiar charm and attraction. The courteous, cheerful maiden who draws water for the withered old crone, and who listens to her, and replies with amiability, is rewarded with the gift of uttering pearls and diamonds; and, in the less romantic German version, Frau Holle bestows gold pieces as the reward of civility and diligence with that delightful prodigality so characteristic of fairy-land.

The small sweet courtesies are so potent in their influence upon our daily life, softening its asperities, rounding its angles, and insensibly compelling imitation. For who could be churlish, or even cold and indifferent, when surrounded by an atmosphere of genial warmth? The little every-day and all-day thought for others is not hard to some gracious natures imbued with the rare virtue of self-forgetfulness; but to those who long for the admiration of their fellow-creatures, the practice of the small sweet courtesies can be recommended as an unfailing means of gaining that approbation. Mr. Browning expresses it thus:

> "'Twas her thinking of others made you think of her."

In his exquisite portrait poem, "My Love," Lowell has translated into the diviner language of poetry the words of our text:

> "She doeth little kindnesses
> Which most leave undone or despise;
> For naught that sets an heart at ease,
> And giveth happiness or peace,
> Is low esteemèd in her eyes."

THE JONAH OF LUCKY VALLEY.

BY HOWARD SEELY.

VII.

SEVERAL days later the ranchman was sitting in front of his tent smoking a contemplative pipe, and whittling in the preoccupied manner which all meditation assumes on the frontier, when he was surprised by a visit from his foreman. That uncouth philosopher dismounted from his cow-pony, and shambling forward in the heavy leathern leggings which encumbered his lower limbs, threw himself at full length on the ground at his side, and explained the object of his visit in an undertone, as if soliloquizing to the distant landscape.

"I've been a-ridin' sence sun-up all through the lower valley huntin' a dozen head of them durned wild steers, brand, 'Seven Triangles.' I 'ain't seen hide nor hair. Rube tells me they lit out night afore last, and he allows they're over on Tepe Creek. I reckoned I'd better git over thar, and look 'em up."

William Durgy shut up his clasp-knife, and rose to his feet with the splinters of his late whittling still clinging to his ducking trousers. "I'll do that," he said. "You stay by the ranch. It won't hurt me any to shake myself up a little."

"I reckon you're right thar, Bill," said the other, slowly; "but I sorter allowed you was due at the sheriff's about to-day. Ye 'ain't been thar this week yet, hev ye?"

Durgy gave a vicious brush to the knees of his trousers. "No; nor I ain't likely to," he said, shortly.

"Hollo!" said the other, glancing at him quickly from under his heavy hat, and then apparently becoming absorbed again in the outlying prairie. "Anything up? Are bets off in that direction? Hope I won't hev to hedge none, fur Rube and me's in pretty deep on thet a'ready."

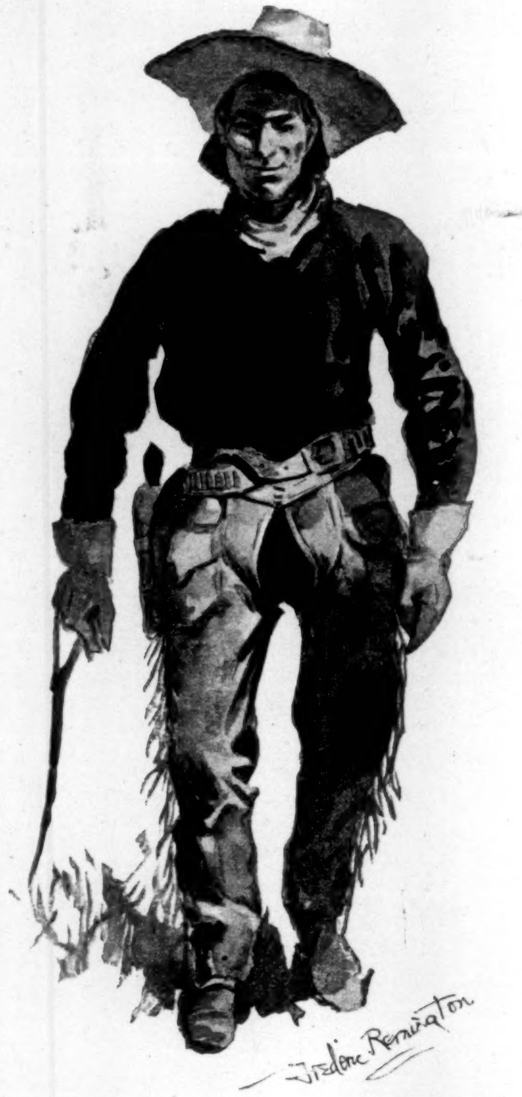
Without a word Durgy turned his back on his foreman, and walked away to where Lone Star was picketed.

"Kinder queer!" said Mr. Hawkins, reflectively, still to the distant landscape. "'Ain't hed so much to say about her lately. I reckon the wires is down fur the present. Hed a spat most likely. But they'll patch it up," he remarked, with composure, filling his pipe slowly from a buckskin pouch. "And durn me ef I hedge on it! It sorter puts me in mind of my own luck in thet line."

He picked up the stick the ranchman had lately been whittling, and fell to work on it with a dogged persistency that had in it a suggestion of rivalry, as he abandoned himself to his musings.

The ranchman was already galloping over the plain, feeling the exultation of the good horseman, as he put rod upon rod of the prairie behind him. Intent upon the experiences of the past week, he scarcely noticed the details of the country through which he travelled—the rolling billows of prairie, the scattered patches of mesquite, the occasional chaparrals through which he dashed. Startled quail sometimes skurried across his path, a jack-rabbit blundered from its form, or a flock of ducks rose in frightened clamor from a still pool as he galloped by. Of these customary sights and sounds he took no notice. Only, as he passed through the scattered bands of cattle that roamed the valleys, his trained eye scanned their scarred sides for the brand of ownership. Yet, although his mind was busy with other things, he noted with the general eye of experience that the cattle were sleek and well-conditioned for the coming winter; that the range was good and water plenty; and felt a natural encouragement, therefore, in spite of his misfortunes. The strange, unaccountable spring in his temperament, which had sustained him through so many trials, asserted itself again under the exhilaration of his rapid motion, and, with an amusement that quite surprised him, he found himself putting Lone Star to his paces, in a brush with a frightened rabbit. At this swinging gallop he came suddenly upon Tepe Creek, and there, amid the lush vegetation and willow coverts that fringed this well-known region, he surprised the dozen estrays of which he was in quest. Rounding up these wild-eyed cattle, which fled, with slaver-dripping jaws and fresh grasses still in their mouths, from the hallooing of his close pursuit, he swept them out of the wooded valley and into the open plain, where he started them homeward in a wild chase.

He was following them at a leisurely canter, when he came unexpectedly out of a neighboring thicket upon the crest of a high divide that overlooked the San Angelo stage-road where it crossed the outlying prairie. The bare sombre plain lay stretched below him in all its bleak monotony, and as his eye fell upon it, an unusual feature of the prospect caused him to pull up suddenly. An eighth of a mile away the four-horse coach was halted on the dusty highway. The driver sat upon his box, but with one hand raised, apparently in an attitude of restraint. Glan-



"THAT UNCOUTH PHILOSOPHER SHAMBLED FORWARD."

cing in the rear of the big vehicle, Durgy saw the entire outfit of passengers drawn up in an awkward squad upon the plain, with hands above their heads, as if in silent protest against some flagrant outrage. In front of this mute line of witnesses a tall individual moved with careful regularity, accompanied by a piebald horse that kept close at his elbow, as if broken to the practice.

The whole scene was a sufficiently familiar one on the frontier, and had a ready significance to Durgy. He knew at once that the San Angelo coach was being "held up" by a "road-agent." But the sight of the piebald horse and a swift suspicion as to his owner thrilled him with a conviction of the identity of the highwayman.

In the suddenness of his surprise he gave a loud view-halloo that seemed to cause a commotion among the group. There was a hurried movement along the line; the tall man sprang into the saddle, covering the men with a large revolver. The whole squad, under this armed surveillance, bundled themselves quickly into the coach, still apparently protesting with outstretched hands. As the driver gathered up his reins, the words, "Let her go!" came faintly to Durgy's ear, and the coach started at a gallop. The robber remained motionless in the saddle, continuing to menace the departing equipage with his levelled pistol until it had apparently withdrawn to a safe distance. Then wheeling his horse suddenly, he put him at once into a run, and came diagonally across the plain in a direction that the ranchman felt sure would afford him a good view of him. Involuntarily he drew his carbine from its leathern holster and retreated into the cover. For a few moments he fully expected that he might be able, by a well-directed shot, to bring the daring outlaw to justice; but when half-way across the plain the latter's purpose evidently changed. With a loud shout to his mustang he wheeled him abruptly again, and gripping him tight with his knees made off at another angle. The evolution brought the person of the horseman in full view of Durgy, but he was too far away to risk a shot. He caught a glimpse of the long dark hair waving beneath the broad sombrero, the drooping mustaches, and the general dress and bearing of the rider. He was sure it was his midnight visitant of some weeks since.

Trembling with the import of this fateful discovery, he did not move from his position until the fleet horse had borne his rider across the intervening prairie and vanished from view in a fringe of timber. Rousing himself at last, he broke from the cover and started homeward at a round pace, his heart bounding so with exultation over his discovery that he came near forgetting the errand that had brought him on his long ride. After some search among the timber he discovered his winded cattle in a shady pecan motte, and started them homeward again with the shrill cry of the cowman. This time he did not suffer them to slacken their pace until he reached his own acres, and saw the panting dusty creatures mingle with other cattle of his main herd. Then turning aside in the direction of the river, he checked his sweating horse into a walk, and rode for some time along the wooded stream busy with many reflections.

Lone Star was badly winded, and while slowly traversing a secluded valley in the neighborhood of the crossing, impelled by a half-defined impulse to visit Miss Townsend, and in some manner bridge over the dismissal of yesterday, Durgy was suddenly hailed from the road-side. The father of the young lady, mounted on his white horse, had halted a few paces in front of him. The grim sheriff, crippled but still potent, sat erect in the saddle, regarding Durgy's reeking horse with apparent curiosity. The ranchman drew rein within hand-shaking distance.

"What's up now?" said Townsend, gruffly, with a wave of his maimed right arm. "Tryin' to founder Lone Star a-trainin' fur some cowboy scrub race? 'Jonah,' thet ain't no way to treat a fine animal."

Durgy laughed at the sheriff's serious manner. "Chasin' runaway stock over on Tepe," he quietly responded. "Those Seven Triangle steers need an army to watch 'em, and Lone Star comes in for his share; but he can stand it."

"I see," said the sheriff, raising his brows. "Well, I reckoned I'd ride over, and see why I made such a fool o' myself the other night. I 'ain't done kickin' myself fur that miss yet."

Durgy nodded abstractedly. "You're heeled now, I take notice," he said, with a glance at the sheriff's heavy revolvers, both of which hung in his cartridge belt.

"Yes," rejoined the other, glancing significantly at him; "I mean to be."

Durgy returned the glance with appreciation. "If you'd been with me, Joe, this morning, you might have had use for 'em."

The sheriff's nostrils dilated with a sudden interest. "Anything wrong below?"

"Right smart! A fellow held up the San Angelo stage, and went through the whole caboodle."

The sheriff exploded with indignation. "Thet's Jim White, then!" he ejaculated, after a wild apostrophe.

"Who?" inquired Durgy, eagerly.

"I didn't say," returned Townsend, demurely.

"That's all right, Joe," Durgy replied. "Don't!"

"Why didn't you drop him?" the sheriff suddenly inquired a moment later.

The ranchman laughed. "I thought I'd postpone it, seeing I was nearly a quarter away when I sighted him."

"Natchally."

The sheriff sat silent a few moments, and then executed a war dance of impotent rage in his stirrups.

"Dog-gone it!" he exclaimed. "Ain't thet jest my luck? Think of me crippled and tied up here, and thet devil doin' the county! I sent over to Ike Mosely this mornin', asking him to send me two of his best deppyties, and tellin' him Jim White was loose agin, and he sends me word he 'ain't got none to send. Ain't thet a nice box for a sheriff?"

"It's over the line, Joe," Durgy responded. "It ain't your funeral."

"Thet don't make me feel no better," Townsend retorted. "I oughter been thar."

Durgy reflected a minute. "Is this the same feller you took a pop at the other night?" he suddenly inquired.

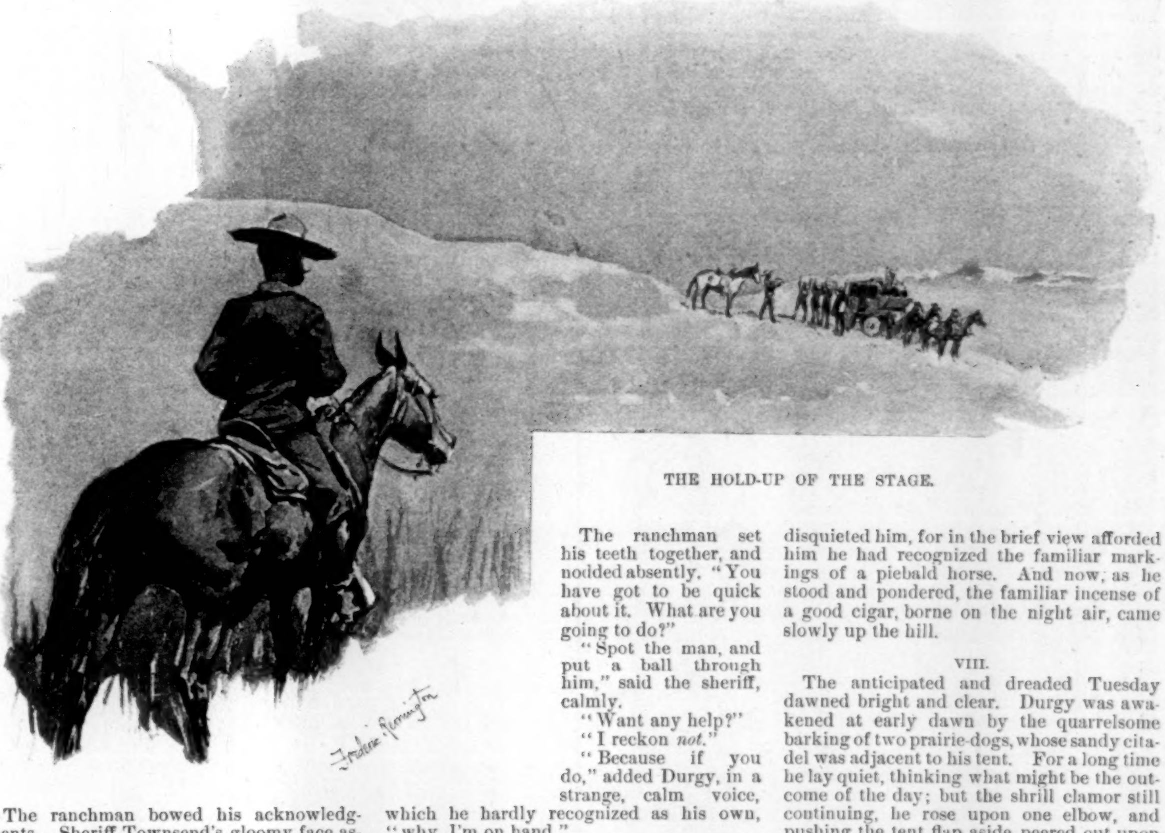
"I don't know ez I said anythin' about thet," the sheriff responded, with a grim smile.

"Don't, then," said the ranchman shortly. "How's Miss Lou?"

The sheriff appeared disconcerted by the abrupt transition. He glanced up and down the river a moment, scowled fiercely, and then said: "You don't come over to the shanty none—lately. What's the reason?"

Durgy regarded his heavy riding-boot solicitously. "I received a little instruction on thet head a spell ago," he said, dryly, "and I've been powerful busy ever since."

"Humph!" said the sheriff. "Well, I want to tell you thet it's my ranch, and Lou isn't runnin' it jest at present. She's pretty free-spoken fur a young woman, I know; but you're not to mind thet. My wife and I'll take it kindly ef you'll come over thar as much as usual."



THE HOLD-UP OF THE STAGE.

The ranchman bowed his acknowledgments. Sheriff Townsend's gloomy face assumed a graver expression.

"'Jonah,'" he said, suddenly, leaning forward in his saddle, "I kin trust *you*. There's trouble ahead, and plenty of it. My Lou's fixin' fur suthin', and I know it. She's white and scared like; she's lost her gay spirits; she don't eat; she don't sleep; and I ketch her lookin' at me sometimes sorter beseechin', when she reckons I'm dozin' in front o' the fire. A woman can't fool the ole man, 'Jonah!' There's suthin' up—suthin' desperate!"

Mr. Durgy attempted to look sympathetic but unconscious.

"It's more than two months now thet I've been watchin' this," continued the sheriff, darkly. "God knows I love Lou, and I won't see no harm come to her. I know the kind of a woman my daughter is—high-spirited, mettlesome—and so I jest set by and took my own p'ints. I knowed she was seein' somebody, but I didn't let her know it, and this afternoon I got on to the hull business. I was up the river a piece, and in a leetle shady nook under a willow the ole mare stumbled over a flat stone. I was mad, and got down to chuck it in the river, when, to my surprise, I see, on liftin' it, a bit of paper under it. I took it up and opened it, and, durn me! ef I didn't drop to the hull thing."

Here the sheriff put his left hand into a side pocket, and produced a folded slip of paper, which he handed to Durgy.

"See here!" he said. "I know you're fond of Lou. When you read thet, I reckon you'll agree with me that we've both got to look arter her."

Durgy opened the note with fingers that trembled strangely even under the sheriff's eyes.

"DEAR JIM" (the pencilled contents ran),—"I've thought over all you said the last time I saw you, and if you do love me so, dear boy, and it makes you so unhappy, I reckon I must do as you say. But oh! I do so hate to run away without letting papa know! I don't see, I'm sure, what you've got against papa, or he against you, that you can't ask him for me like a man. And what is there about your business, dear, that takes you by here at such awful hours? Sometimes I wake up at night, and think I hear the footsteps of your horse galloping across the river; and I lie awake listening and thinking, until I drop asleep again, and hear them in my dreams. I don't know what you do, dear boy, but it must be very wearing and hard on your health—such unearthly hours! Well, I won't scold you, for I suppose you can't help it, and you say you'll tell me all about it some day. And now for your plan. Papa *is* going to Ballinger to-morrow (Tuesday), and if you can be at 'The Bower' with two horses at sundown, as you said you could on that day, I reckon I can get away. There, I've said it! I'm almost afraid to read it over, for fear I'll change my mind. Good-by; I trust this note will make you happy, dear. And I hope you'll realize how much I must love you to leave father and mother so for your dear sake! LOU."

Durgy read this epistle through in silence, but with a choking sensation in his throat and a sinking of the heart that he could scarce conceal. When he had finished he refolded it, and passed it back to the sheriff without a word. Townsend eyed him narrowly.

"Thet's a nice thing fur a father to drop to, ain't it?" he said.

The ranchman set his teeth together, and nodded absently. "You have got to be quick about it. What are you going to do?"

"Spot the man, and put a ball through him," said the sheriff, calmly.

"Want any help?"

"I reckon *not*."

"Because if you do," added Durgy, in a strange, calm voice, which he hardly recognized as his own, "why, I'm on hand."

The two men exchanged glances.

Night came. The new moon hung a golden horseshoe in the west that to the dreamy eye of the fatuous ranchman seemed to argue a change of fortune. Wrapped in his gray blanket, with his head pillowed in the hollow of his saddle, he lay for a long time awake and meditating. Afar from his covert in some hollow oak a moping owl "hoo-hoo-ed" incessantly, and at intervals the vagabond coyotes raised their dismal ululation. Above him, clear and scintillant, the Dipper shone, pointing with accuracy that nightly compass of the frontiersman, the North Star. Already this steadfast sentinel had made considerable progress toward the zenith, and still the muser tossed uneasily upon his rough pillow.

What was that? A shot! Not loud and detonating, but faint and far. In an instant the restless man was on his feet. Quickly drawing on his riding-boots and catching up his heavy sombrero, he stepped quietly from the tent. The wind was blowing softly from the south, and the Gulf-borne breeze was odorous with its long journey over the fragrant plain. Durgy strode on in the dim night, at times rousing the sleepy wild-duck from some neighboring pool, that scuttled away with peevish clamor among the reeds and water-grasses; anon startled in turn himself by the shrill rustle of a horned toad over the wet prairie, or the warning rattle of some dissipated snake cooling his checkered sides under the breeze of the night.

He had not gone far when his quick ear caught the echo of a familiar sound. Some one else was abroad that balmy night, but mounted, and in haste. He was just climbing a sloping hill, when the rhythmical hoof-beats of a horse came suddenly to him on the night wind. Below him lay a peaceful valley, swathed in fleecy mists, through which the straggling files of thin mesquites stood like spectres under the pale light of the stars.

The ranchman halted, and removed his hat as he strained his ears to listen. The footsteps were coming nearer. Apparently the horseman would pass in front of him. Suddenly from out the bosom of the misty copse below rose a sharp, demoniac cry. It was answered by a series of shrill yelps and shrieks in quick succession; and then through the fog-clouded valley flitted several weird fantastic shapes in wild panic, leaving behind them a ghostly silence, through which drifted the insistent cadence of hoof beats.

"Bah!" said Durgy to himself, aloud. "Those miserable coyotes are enough to frighten the ghost of Davy Crocket. I reckon that shot was only some cowboy's protest."

He had scarcely uttered this reflection when the sleeping mists below him were cloven an instant by what seemed a colossal mounted figure, and a horseman riding at a fierce gallop swept into open view. Once clear of the shrouding fog both horse and rider shrank to their true proportions, and with a musical jingle of spurs, a spark struck from some stone in the way, and the accompanying flash of a lighted cigar, the flying figure passed. The dim curtain of the mist received him once more into itself, and the sound of the spurring hoofs as suddenly ceased.

So quickly had this midnight apparition come and gone that, as the ranchman's eye ran over the vague vistas beneath him, he might have been pardoned for imagining the momentary glimpse a mere trick of his overwrought senses. No such doubt, however, disquieted him, for in the brief view afforded him he had recognized the familiar markings of a piebald horse. And now, as he stood and pondered, the familiar incense of a good cigar, borne on the night air, came slowly up the hill.

VIII.

The anticipated and dreaded Tuesday dawned bright and clear. Durgy was awakened at early dawn by the quarrelsome barking of two prairie-dogs, whose sandy citadel was adjacent to his tent. For a long time he lay quiet, thinking what might be the outcome of the day; but the shrill clamor still continuing, he rose upon one elbow, and pushing the tent flap aside, peered out upon the plain.

The sun was just rising. The first level rays of the blood-red luminary were glancing through the mesquites and sparkling among the dewy grasses. At a short distance from where he lay the ranchman could see the noisy disturbers of his slumbers perched upon the little mound of their burrow, angrily resisting the approaches of a dark object that seemed to be gravely regarding them. They were so near that the bright eyes and palpitating flanks of these pygmy warriors could be plainly distinguished, and in some curiosity as to what was really disturbing their early breakfast, Durgy rose to his feet. Half expecting to find that the cause of their disquietude was some enterprising rattlesnake which was satisfying a long fast by the sacrifice of one of their number, he was the more surprised to see a huge raven rise heavily in the air at sight of him, and with a hoarse croak, perch in the top of a neighboring mesquite.

As the bird settled itself upon the limb and looked solemnly down upon him, its broad black beak glittered redly in the sunlight of early morning. Although Durgy divined that it had been recently breakfasting upon carrion, yet the bloody token, in view of the unknown sequel of the day just dawning, struck him somehow as ominous. Nor was the eerie feeling quite dispelled by the discovery of a dead coyote, evidently killed by the pistol shot he had heard the night before, lying stark and rigid with its

THE PILGRIM.

He sought the land of spring,
And through the wide world went.
He halted when he heard the robins sing,
And where the buds their wondrous fragrance blent.

But later on there came
The breath of frost and chill;
The forest shed its robes of gold and flame,
The birds flew southward o'er the distant hill.

Intent upon his quest
He went through all the earth;
He sought the happy islands of the West,
Where winter never silenced summer's mirth.

At length he loved, and then
He could not understand
The passage of the robin and the wren;
To him sweet spring reigned ever in the land.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE SOUTHERN MARCH OF THE BIRDS.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

This is the great marching season of the birds. They are coming from Northern regions where they have spent the summer and reared their broods of young, warping along through the air by night and day in vast congregations and with the regularity of armies. They stay in the North till the biting polar winds begin to pipe over the plains and scum the pools with ice; then they gather in flocks, rise high into the air, some of them circling round and round, as if to determine their bearings, after which a few of the older birds lead off on the journey.

Hundreds of different families of birds go South in the fall and North in the spring, but they never mix. The robins keep to themselves; so do the thrushes, the warblers, the woodpeckers, bobolinks, ducks, and other birds. Even in the night there is no confusion of the battalions of these feathered travellers. Some of them set out on their journey only in the night, but these are birds that live much in the covert, and are afraid of exposing themselves in such large numbers in the day.

As long as the weather remains warm in the North they will not start on their migration; but the first frosty night sends them to the edge of the wood, where they assemble for the passage, uttering loud calls which ring for half a mile round, as if the leaders were gathering the scattered detachments of the army. Birds that never come near each other in summer become friends in the marching season; they chase each other round and round, and frolic and shrill on the edge of the woods in hundreds and thousands. When dark settles over the forest on a clear night, when the stars are shining, they rise with the regularity of soldiers, the older birds—that is, those who had migrated one or more seasons before—leading the way. They at once cease their frolics, and gather in a compact body, a few veterans leading, rising sometimes to a height of more than a mile in the air.

But the leading birds are true pilots, for they never get out of their course. It is surmised that they select some star or group of stars, as the ancient mariners did before the compass was invented, and follow it as long as the sky remains unclouded. These night travellers will fly about three hundred miles during the night, but a little after dawn they depress their course, and sweep along a hundred yards or so above the surface in quest of a place to rest and feed. When the leaders alight, all the rest follow their example, and they at once begin scurrying around in search for breakfast, after which they hide themselves, and sleep till the sun is low. Once more they set up their chatter, wheeling, screeching, and calling on the wing; and if the weather is warm, they may spend several days at the halting-place. The veterans then lead them off to other feeding-grounds, and when night falls they go to sleep, but they are awing again at dawn, filling the place with tumult. The lives of the migratory birds are exceedingly happy.

This, however, represents only the agreeable side of their marches. Sometimes after they have set out, clouds cover the stars, and the light goes out of the sky. Often great storms arise, and the birds are driven out of their course, or, in the words of Tennyson, are "blown about the sky"; so they become bewildered, and instinct and knowledge both seem to fail them. They then take shelter till the tempest is over, when they ascertain their bearings, and start off after sunrise. It is a more serious matter for birds flying across bays, gulfs, and other stretches of salt water to lose their way among the clouds at night, for they have nowhere to perch. So they are frequently hustled about through the air, the company, getting broken up, falling exhausted into the sea, where they drown. Most of the birds, however, that have to fly across the sea start only when a steady breeze blows in their direction. The geese that breed in the interior of Newfoundland gather in vast congregations on the headlands after the first gray frost, and wait for a steady northeaster before the start. They are now passing in hundreds of thousands on their way to the stubble fields of the South, where they will spend the winter. The captain of a schooner told me that he was out in a heavy storm in the Gulf of St. Lawrence late in the fall. It had been blowing a stiff breeze from the northeast, but during the night the wind veered, and a southern gale sprang up. Just about dawn the deck watch were astonished to see a number of large birds alight on the deck, railings, and hatchways. They were wild geese, and losing their way in the storm, had taken refuge on the first object that was in sight, as they will not go in the sea, though water-birds. The goose is one of the wildest and wariest birds known, but they were now so tired, frightened, and confused that the deck hands went up to them, and killed them with gaffs and fenders. But the wild goose, which may be heard "honking" overhead every day now in country places, can fly five or six hundred miles without taking a rest. They leave the Northern wildernesses fat and somewhat slow of flight, but when they reach their winter haunts they are lean and seem to fly much faster.

Some species of birds travel South in the fall and North in the spring by the valley of the Mississippi, having regular stopping-places along the route, but huge bodies of them prefer to skirt along the coast, keeping pace with the changing season; they also go by other routes. The light-keepers, who stand inside of the lanterns at night, have many interesting things to tell about the Northern as well as the Southern marches. On a very dark night in the passage season the lanterns are literally pelted by birds, some of them striking against the thick plate-glass with all their force, and falling backward to the ground or into the sea, dead. Others fly more cautiously, and hover around the glare, remaining till morning.

A few evenings ago I took the steamer, with a party of naturalists, to Bedloe's Island, as the electric lights at the top of the statue are known to attract multitudes of birds every spring and fall. There had been cold weather for a few days before, and millions of birds were hastening South. We obtained a permit, and went up to the topmost gallery of the statue, and waited. The night had not far advanced when all the heavens seemed to become full of wings, which produced a tempest of whirring sound. Then came the calls of the leaders, and they rang out so clearly that they could be heard for half a mile through the storm. The responses were fainter than the signalling cries, but they were quite definite. The object of the calls, of course, was to keep the flocks together, for, as could be seen through strong glasses, birds of a hundred species were driving along on the breast of the storm. All that came near the statue hovered around the light in large circles, but some of them struck against the bronze or stone. There were sand-pipers of every kind, "peeting, peeting," as they went; golden-wings and other woodpeckers, with their loud and rather hoarse cries; warblers of every kind—and their signalling ran through a wide gamut of sounds—thrushes, robins, meadow-larks, nuthatchers, and congregations of bobolinks that filled the air with hurricanes of lovely music as they swept by. Sometimes a huge black cloud passed along, and the glasses showed that they were blackbirds, but they did not chatter as they do on the edge of the forest. The leaders made all the noise and preserved order. I know not how many flocks went by of teal, wood-duck, black duck, mergansers, curlew, snipe, plover, pewees, phœbe-birds, and what not; but none could mistake the kingfishers as they went, with their scolding laughter, through the dark.

We caught a score or so of the birds in nets and in our hats, and kept them till the morning, after which we released them. And all through the night bats chased and feasted upon the silly moths that gathered around the spikes of electric flame.

A large number of birds lay dead upon the grass in the morning, having struck the statue. One morning, shortly after the statue was put up, over a thousand birds were picked up; but latterly they seem to be aware of the danger, and not nearly so many are killed against this tall obstruction.

"SMALL SWEET COURTESIES."

Life is so complex, its machinery so intricate, that it is impossible that the wheels should always move smoothly and without friction. There is a continual straining of every nerve to gain and keep a place in this over-crowded busy world. What wonder if in the hurry and pushing the rights of others are trampled or completely ignored, when every individual is in such haste that time fails for the "small sweet courtesies of life"!

But it is the little offices of friendship—the encouraging smile, the appreciative word, the thought for our preferences, the avoidance of our prejudices—which make life easier, and which lessen in a marvellous degree all its worries and perplexities. For nothing prevents friction so perfectly as the exercise of what we sometimes disdainfully call the minor virtues. As though one should be endowed with truth, and yet, lacking prudence and delicate insight and circumspection, wound with sharp needle pricks the sensitive hearer. We do not care to be constantly reminded of our failings. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend," but friends too often show a fondness for the scalpel, and lay bare our pet weaknesses in a truthful but exceedingly uncomfortable fashion.

A gentlewoman never fails in the small sweet courtesies. Instinctively she respects the feelings of others, and having the golden rule by heart, it is from her heart that all lovely, love-compelling graces flow. "In her tongue is the law of kindness," and she has the ready tact which takes advantage of every opportunity to render the lives of others happier,

> "And every morning, with 'Good-day,'
> Makes each day good."

Her winning smile and gentle ministrations, her soft voice and unfailing sympathy, insure her always a ready welcome, and, like the sun, she "finds the world bright, because she first makes it so."

The fairy tale of our young days has a peculiar charm and attraction. The courteous, cheerful maiden who draws water for the withered old crone, and who listens to her, and replies with amiability, is rewarded with the gift of uttering pearls and diamonds; and, in the less romantic German version, Frau Holle bestows gold pieces as the reward of civility and diligence with that delightful prodigality so characteristic of fairy-land.

The small sweet courtesies are so potent in their influence upon our daily life, softening its asperities, rounding its angles, and insensibly compelling imitation. For who could be churlish, or even cold and indifferent, when surrounded by an atmosphere of genial warmth? The little every-day and all-day thought for others is not hard to some gracious natures imbued with the rare virtue of self-forgetfulness; but to those who long for the admiration of their fellow-creatures, the practice of the small sweet courtesies can be recommended as an unfailing means of gaining that approbation. Mr. Browning expresses it thus:

> "'Twas her thinking of others made you think of her."

In his exquisite portrait poem, "My Love," Lowell has translated into the diviner language of poetry the words of our text:

> "She doeth little kindnesses
> Which most leave undone or despise;
> For naught that sets an heart at ease,
> And giveth happiness or peace,
> Is low esteemed in her eyes."

THE JONAH OF LUCKY VALLEY.

BY HOWARD SEELY.

VII.

Several days later the ranchman was sitting in front of his tent smoking a contemplative pipe, and whittling in the preoccupied manner which all meditation assumes on the frontier, when he was surprised by a visit from his foreman. That uncouth philosopher dismounted from his cow-pony, and shambling forward in the heavy leathern leggings which encumbered his lower limbs, threw himself at full length on the ground at his side, and explained the object of his visit in an undertone, as if soliloquizing to the distant landscape.

"I've been a-ridin' sence sun-up all through the lower valley huntin' a dozen head of them durned wild steers, brand, 'Seven Triangles.' I 'ain't seen hide nor hair. Rube tells me they lit out night afore last, and he allows they're over on Tepe Creek. I reckoned I'd better git over thar, and look 'em up."

William Durgy shut up his clasp-knife, and rose to his feet with the splinters of his late whittling still clinging to his ducking trousers. "I'll do that," he said. "You stay by the ranch. It won't hurt me any to shake myself up a little."

"I reckon you're right thar, Bill," said the other, slowly; "but I sorter allowed you was due at the sheriff's about to-day. Ye 'ain't been thar this week yet, hev ye?"

Durgy gave a vicious brush to the knees of his trousers. "No; nor I ain't likely to," he said, shortly.

"Hollo!" said the other, glancing at him quickly from under his heavy hat, and then apparently becoming absorbed again in the outlying prairie. "Anything up? Are bets off in that direction? Hope I won't hev to hedge none, fur Rube and me's in pretty deep on thet a'ready."

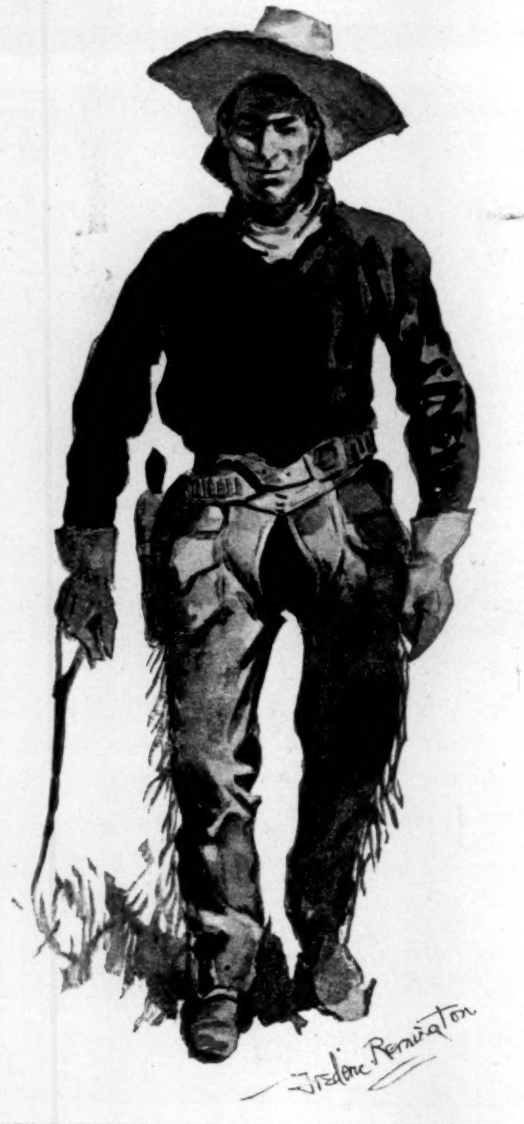
Without a word Durgy turned his back on his foreman, and walked away to where Lone Star was picketed.

"Kinder queer!" said Mr. Hawkins, reflectively, still to the distant landscape. "'Ain't hed so much to say about her lately. I reckon the wires is down fur the present. Hed a spat most likely. But they'll patch it up," he remarked, with composure, filling his pipe slowly from a buckskin pouch. "And durn me ef I hedge on it! It sorter puts me in mind of my own luck in thet line."

He picked up the stick the ranchman had lately been whittling, and fell to work on it with a dogged persistency that had in it a suggestion of rivalry, as he abandoned himself to his musings.

The ranchman was already galloping over the plain, feeling the exultation of the good horseman, as he put rod upon rod of the prairie behind him. Intent upon the experiences of the past week, he scarcely noticed the details of the country through which he travelled—the rolling billows of prairie, the scattered patches of mesquite, the occasional chaparrals through which he dashed. Startled quail sometimes skurried across his path, a jack-rabbit blundered from its form, or a flock of ducks rose in frightened clamor from a still pool as he galloped by. Of these customary sights and sounds he took no notice. Only, as he passed through the scattered bands of cattle that roamed the valleys, his trained eye scanned their scarred sides for the brand of ownership. Yet, although his mind was busy with other things, he noted with the general eye of experience that the cattle were sleek and well-conditioned for the coming winter; that the range was good and water plenty; and felt a natural encouragement, therefore, in spite of his misfortunes. The strange, unaccountable spring in his temperament, which had sustained him through so many trials, asserted itself again under the exhilaration of his rapid motion, and, with an amusement that quite surprised him, he found himself putting Lone Star to his paces, in a brush with a frightened rabbit. At this swinging gallop he came suddenly upon Tepe Creek, and there, amid the lush vegetation and willow coverts that fringed this well-known region, he surprised the dozen estrays of which he was in quest. Rounding up these wild-eyed cattle, which fled, with slaver-dripping jaws and fresh grasses still in their mouths, from the hallooing of his close pursuit, he swept them out of the wooded valley and into the open plain, where he started them homeward in a wild chase.

He was following them at a leisurely canter, when he came unexpectedly out of a neighboring thicket upon the crest of a high divide that overlooked the San Angelo stage-road where it crossed the outlying prairie. The bare sombre plain lay stretched below him in all its bleak monotony, and as his eye fell upon it, an unusual feature of the prospect caused him to pull up suddenly. An eighth of a mile away the four-horse coach was halted on the dusty highway. The driver sat upon his box, but with one hand raised, apparently in an attitude of restraint. Glan-



"THAT UNCOUTH PHILOSOPHER SHAMBLED FORWARD."

cing in the rear of the big vehicle, Durgy saw the entire outfit of passengers drawn up in an awkward squad upon the plain, with hands above their heads, as if in silent protest against some flagrant outrage. In front of this mute line of witnesses a tall individual moved with careful regularity, accompanied by a piebald horse that kept close at his elbow, as if broken to the practice.

The whole scene was a sufficiently familiar one on the frontier, and had a ready significance to Durgy. He knew at once that the San Angelo coach was being "held up" by a "road-agent." But the sight of the piebald horse and a swift suspicion as to his owner thrilled him with a conviction of the identity of the highwayman.

In the suddenness of his surprise he gave a loud view-halloo that seemed to cause a commotion among the group. There was a hurried movement along the line; the tall man sprang into the saddle, covering the men with a large revolver. The whole squad, under this armed surveillance, bundled themselves quickly into the coach, still apparently protesting with outstretched hands. As the driver gathered up his reins, the words, "Let her go!" came faintly to Durgy's ear, and the coach started at a gallop. The robber remained motionless in the saddle, continuing to menace the departing equipage with his levelled pistol until it had apparently withdrawn to a safe distance. Then wheeling his horse suddenly, he put him at once into a run, and came diagonally across the plain in a direction that the ranchman felt sure would afford him a good view of him. Involuntarily he drew his carbine from its leathern holster and retreated into the cover. For a few moments he fully expected that he might be able, by a well-directed shot, to bring the daring outlaw to justice; but when half-way across the plain the latter's purpose evidently changed. With a loud shout to his mustang he wheeled him abruptly again, and gripping him tight with his knees made off at another angle. The evolution brought the person of the horseman in full view of Durgy, but he was too far away to risk a shot. He caught a glimpse of the long dark hair waving beneath the broad sombrero, the drooping mustaches, and the general dress and bearing of the rider. He was sure it was his midnight visitant of some weeks since.

Trembling with the import of this fateful discovery, he did not move from his position until the fleet horse had borne his rider across the intervening prairie and vanished from view in a fringe of timber. Rousing himself at last, he broke from the cover and started homeward at a round pace, his heart bounding so with exultation over his discovery that he came near forgetting the errand that had brought him on his long ride. After some search among the timber he discovered his winded cattle in a shady pecan motte, and started them homeward again with the shrill cry of the cowman. This time he did not suffer them to slacken their pace until he reached his own acres, and saw the panting dusty creatures mingle with other cattle of his main herd. Then turning aside in the direction of the river, he checked his sweating horse into a walk, and rode for some time along the wooded stream busy with many reflections.

Lone Star was badly winded, and while slowly traversing a secluded valley in the neighborhood of the crossing, impelled by a half-defined impulse to visit Miss Townsend, and in some manner bridge over the dismissal of yesterday, Durgy was suddenly hailed from the road-side. The father of the young lady, mounted on his white horse, had halted a few paces in front of him. The grim sheriff, crippled but still potent, sat erect in the saddle, regarding Durgy's reeking horse with apparent curiosity. The ranchman drew rein within hand-shaking distance.

"What's up now?" said Townsend, gruffly, with a wave of his maimed right arm. "Tryin' to founder Lone Star a-trainin' fur some cowboy scrub race? 'Jonah,' thet ain't no way to treat a fine animal."

Durgy laughed at the sheriff's serious manner. "Chasin' runaway stock over on Tepe," he quietly responded. "Those Seven Triangle steers need an army to watch 'em, and Lone Star comes in for his share; but he can stand it."

"I see," said the sheriff, raising his brows. "Well, I reckoned I'd ride over, and see why I made such a fool o' myself the other night. I 'ain't done kickin' myself fur that miss yet."

Durgy nodded abstractedly. "You're heeled now, I take notice," he said, with a glance at the sheriff's heavy revolvers, both of which hung in his cartridge belt.

"Yes," rejoined the other, glancing significantly at him; "I mean to be."

Durgy returned the glance with appreciation. "If you'd been with me, Joe, this morning, you might have had use for 'em."

The sheriff's nostrils dilated with a sudden interest. "Anything wrong below?"

"Right smart! A fellow held up the San Angelo stage, and went through the whole caboodle."

The sheriff exploded with indignation. "Thet's Jim White, then!" he ejaculated, after a wild apostrophe.

"Who?" inquired Durgy, eagerly.

"I didn't say," returned Townsend, demurely.

"That's all right, Joe," Durgy replied. "Don't!"

"Why didn't you drop him?" the sheriff suddenly inquired a moment later.

The ranchman laughed. "I thought I'd postpone it, seeing I was nearly a quarter away when I sighted him."

"Natchally."

The sheriff sat silent a few moments, and then executed a war dance of impotent rage in his stirrups.

"Dog-gone it!" he exclaimed. "Ain't thet jest my luck? Think of me crippled and tied up here, and thet devil doin' the county! I sent over to Ike Mosely this mornin', asking him to send me two of his best deppyties, and tellin' him Jim White was loose agin, and he sends me word he 'ain't got none to send. Ain't thet a nice box for a sheriff?"

"It's over the line, Joe," Durgy responded. "It ain't your funeral."

"Thet don't make me feel no better," Townsend retorted. "I oughter been thar."

Durgy reflected a minute. "Is this the same feller you took a pop at the other night?" he suddenly inquired.

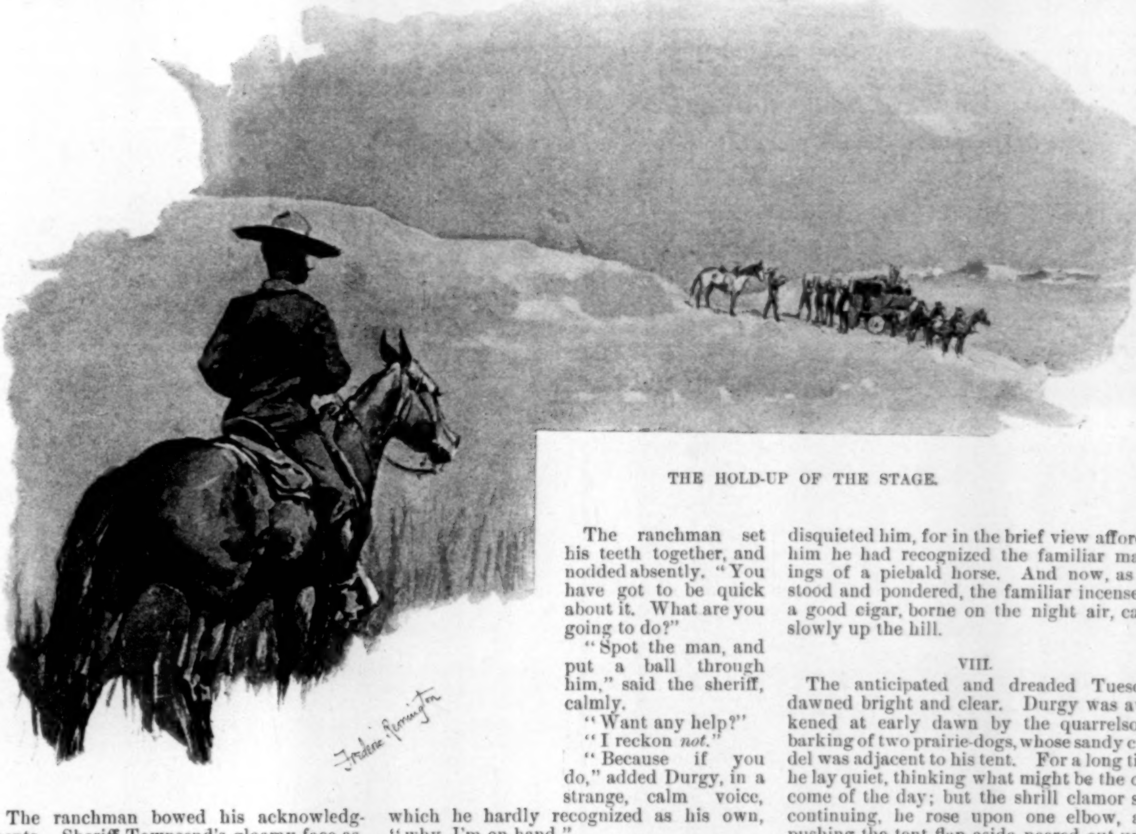
"I don't know ez I said anythin' about thet," the sheriff responded, with a grim smile.

"Don't, then," said the ranchman shortly. "How's Miss Lou?"

The sheriff appeared disconcerted by the abrupt transition. He glanced up and down the river a moment, scowled fiercely, and then said: "You don't come over to the shanty none—lately. What's the reason?"

Durgy regarded his heavy riding-boot solicitously. "I received a little instruction on thet head a spell ago," he said, dryly, "and I've been powerful busy ever since."

"Humph!" said the sheriff. "Well, I want to tell you thet it's my ranch, and Lou isn't runnin' it jest at present. She's pretty free-spoken fur a young woman, I know; but you're not to mind thet. My wife and I'll take it kindly ef you'll come over thar as much as usual."



THE HOLD-UP OF THE STAGE.

The ranchman bowed his acknowledgments. Sheriff Townsend's gloomy face assumed a graver expression.

"'Jonah,'" he said, suddenly, leaning forward in his saddle, "I kin trust *you*. There's trouble ahead, and plenty of it. My Lou's fixin' fur suthin', and I know it. She's white and scared like; she's lost her gay spirits; she don't eat; she don't sleep; and I ketch her lookin' at me sometimes sorter beseechin', when she reckons I'm dozin' in front o' the fire. A woman can't fool the ole man, 'Jonah!' There's suthin' up—suthin' desperate!"

Mr. Durgy attempted to look sympathetic but unconscious.

"It's more than two months now thet I've been watchin' this," continued the sheriff, darkly. "God knows I love Lou, and I won't see no harm come to her. I know the kind of a woman my daughter is—high-spirited, mettlesome—and so I jest set by and took my own p'ints. I knowed she was seein' somebody, but I didn't let her know it, and this afternoon I got on to the hull business. I was up the river a piece, and in a leetle shady nook under a willow the ole mare stumbled over a flat stone. I was mad, and got down to chuck it in the river, when, to my surprise, I see, on liftin' it, a bit of paper under it. I took it up and opened it, and, durn me! ef I didn't drop to the hull thing."

Here the sheriff put his left hand into a side pocket, and produced a folded slip of paper, which he handed to Durgy.

"See here!" he said. "I know you're fond of Lou. When you read thet, I reckon you'll agree with me that we've both got to look arter her."

Durgy opened the note with fingers that trembled strangely even under the sheriff's eyes.

"DEAR JIM" (the pencilled contents ran),—"I've thought over all you said the last time I saw you, and if you do love me so, dear boy, and it makes you so unhappy, I reckon I must do as you say. But oh! I do so hate to run away without letting papa know! I don't see, I'm sure, what you've got against papa, or he against you, that you can't ask him for me like a man. And what is there about your business, dear, that takes you by here at such awful hours? Sometimes I wake up at night, and think I hear the footsteps of your horse galloping across the river; and I lie awake listening and thinking, until I drop asleep again, and hear them in my dreams. I don't know what you do, dear boy, but it must be very wearing and hard on your health—such unearthly hours! Well, I won't scold you, for I suppose you can't help it, and you say you'll tell me all about it some day. And now for your plan. Papa *is* going to Ballinger to-morrow (Tuesday), and if you can be at 'The Bower' with two horses at sundown, as you said you could on that day, I reckon I can get away. There, I've said it! I'm almost afraid to read it over, for fear I'll change my mind. Good-by; I trust this note will make you happy, dear. And I hope you'll realize how much I must love you to leave father and mother so for your dear sake! LOU."

Durgy read this epistle through in silence, but with a choking sensation in his throat and a sinking of the heart that he could scarce conceal. When he had finished he refolded it, and passed it back to the sheriff without a word. Townsend eyed him narrowly.

"Thet's a nice thing fur a father to drop to, ain't it?" he said.

The ranchman set his teeth together, and nodded absently. "You have got to be quick about it. What are you going to do?"

"Spot the man, and put a ball through him," said the sheriff, calmly.

"Want any help?"

"I reckon *not*."

"Because if you do," added Durgy, in a strange, calm voice, which he hardly recognized as his own, "why, I'm on hand."

The two men exchanged glances.

Night came. The new moon hung a golden horseshoe in the west that to the dreamy eye of the fatuous ranchman seemed to argue a change of fortune. Wrapped in his gray blanket, with his head pillowed in the hollow of his saddle, he lay for a long time awake and meditating. Afar from his covert in some hollow oak a moping owl "hoo-hoo-ed" incessantly, and at intervals the vagabond coyotes raised their dismal ululation. Above him, clear and scintillant, the Dipper shone, pointing with accuracy that nightly compass of the frontiersman, the North Star. Already this steadfast sentinel had made considerable progress toward the zenith, and still the muser tossed uneasily upon his rough pillow.

What was that? A shot! Not loud and detonating, but faint and far. In an instant the restless man was on his feet. Quickly drawing on his riding-boots and catching up his heavy sombrero, he stepped quietly from the tent. The wind was blowing softly from the south, and the Gulf-borne breeze was odorous with its long journey over the fragrant plain. Durgy strode on in the dim night, at times rousing the sleepy wild-duck from some neighboring pool, that scuttled away with peevish clamor among the reeds and water-grasses; anon startled in turn himself by the shrill rustle of a horned toad over the wet prairie, or the warning rattle of some dissipated snake cooling his checkered sides under the breeze of the night.

He had not gone far when his quick ear caught the echo of a familiar sound. Some one else was abroad that balmy night, but mounted, and in haste. He was just climbing a sloping hill, when the rhythmical hoofbeats of a horse came suddenly to him on the night wind. Below him lay a peaceful valley, swathed in fleecy mists, through which the straggling files of thin mesquites stood like spectres under the pale light of the stars.

The ranchman halted, and removed his hat as he strained his ears to listen. The footsteps were coming nearer. Apparently the horseman would pass in front of him. Suddenly from out the bosom of the misty copse below rose a sharp, demoniac cry. It was answered by a series of shrill yelps and shrieks in quick succession; and then through the fog-clouded valley flitted several weird fantastic shapes in wild panic, leaving behind them a ghostly silence, through which drifted the insistent cadence of hoof beats.

"Bah!" said Durgy to himself, aloud. "Those miserable coyotes are enough to frighten the ghost of Davy Crocket. I reckon that shot was only some cowboy's protest."

He had scarcely uttered this reflection when the sleeping mists below him were cloven an instant by what seemed a colossal mounted figure, and a horseman riding at a fierce gallop swept into open view. Once clear of the shrouding fog both horse and rider shrank to their true proportions, and with a musical jingle of spurs, a spark struck from some stone in the way, and the accompanying flash of a lighted cigar, the flying figure passed. The dim curtain of the mist received him once more into itself, and the sound of the spurring hoofs as suddenly ceased.

So quickly had this midnight apparition come and gone that, as the ranchman's eye ran over the vague vistas beneath him, he might have been pardoned for imagining the momentary glimpse a mere trick of his overwrought senses. No such doubt, however, disquieted him, for in the brief view afforded him he had recognized the familiar markings of a piebald horse. And now, as he stood and pondered, the familiar incense of a good cigar, borne on the night air, came slowly up the hill.

VIII.

The anticipated and dreaded Tuesday dawned bright and clear. Durgy was awakened at early dawn by the quarrelsome barking of two prairie-dogs, whose sandy citadel was adjacent to his tent. For a long time he lay quiet, thinking what might be the outcome of the day; but the shrill clamor still continuing, he rose upon one elbow, and pushing the tent flap aside, peered out upon the plain.

The sun was just rising. The first level rays of the blood-red luminary were glancing through the mesquites and sparkling among the dewy grasses. At a short distance from where he lay the ranchman could see the noisy disturbers of his slumbers perched upon the little mound of their burrow, angrily resisting the approaches of a dark object that seemed to be gravely regarding them. They were so near that the bright eyes and palpitating flanks of these pygmy warriors could be plainly distinguished, and in some curiosity as to what was really disturbing their early breakfast, Durgy rose to his feet. Half expecting to find that the cause of their disquietude was some enterprising rattlesnake which was satisfying a long fast by the sacrifice of one of their number, he was the more surprised to see a huge raven rise heavily in the air at sight of him, and with a hoarse croak, perch in the top of a neighboring mesquite.

As the bird settled itself upon the limb and looked solemnly down upon him, its broad black beak glittered redly in the sunlight of early morning. Although Durgy divined that it had been recently breakfasting upon carrion, yet the bloody token, in view of the unknown sequel of the day just dawning, struck him somehow as ominous. Nor was the eerie feeling quite dispelled by the discovery of a dead coyote, evidently killed by the pistol shot he had heard the night before, lying stark and rigid with its eyes picked out, a short distance from where his tent was pitched. With a half-superstitious feeling he caught up a stone at his feet and frightened the malevolent bird away.

As the day wore on, a strange disquietude and unrest possessed him. Business was dull at the ranch, and in the lack of actual duties with which to engross his attention, he found his anxiety intolerable. Yet even in this dearth of occupation did the hours drag through, and the westering sun was already far down the sapphire sky when he turned his restless footsteps in the direction of the river.

Reaching the crossing, it seemed to him a strange quiet possessed all things. The river, now fallen to its customary depths, dimpled silently over the ford, and the willows hung above it with no crepitant murmur in their silvern shade. A grossbeak flashed about a limb, and fluttered away into a neighboring covert, unfurling its rosy wings to the idle air listlessly, but without its usual chattering protest. Far away, crowning the distant divide, the ranchman could see the sheriff's cottage, etched like a minaret against the blue ether. All was apparently quiet in its neighborhood, and even the querulous prairie-dogs, whose pygmy dwellings dotted the long green hill, seemed to have acquired a lazy apathy from their sleepy surroundings.

With a strange lonely feeling that he could neither analyze nor question, Durgy turned away and plunged into the thicket that bordered the river. With hands deep in the pockets of his trousers and bowed head, regardless where his footsteps wandered, he had progressed perhaps a quarter of a mile before he took any heed of his whereabouts. Scarlet tanagers and indigo-birds—the living rubies and sapphires of that emerald cavern—spread their tiny pinions and flashed from tree to tree ahead of him as he listlessly drew near. Half unconsciously he had penetrated a certain bower-like opening of that woodland solitude into which the surrounding thicket suddenly opened. He was traversing this sylvan glade when he was abruptly challenged.

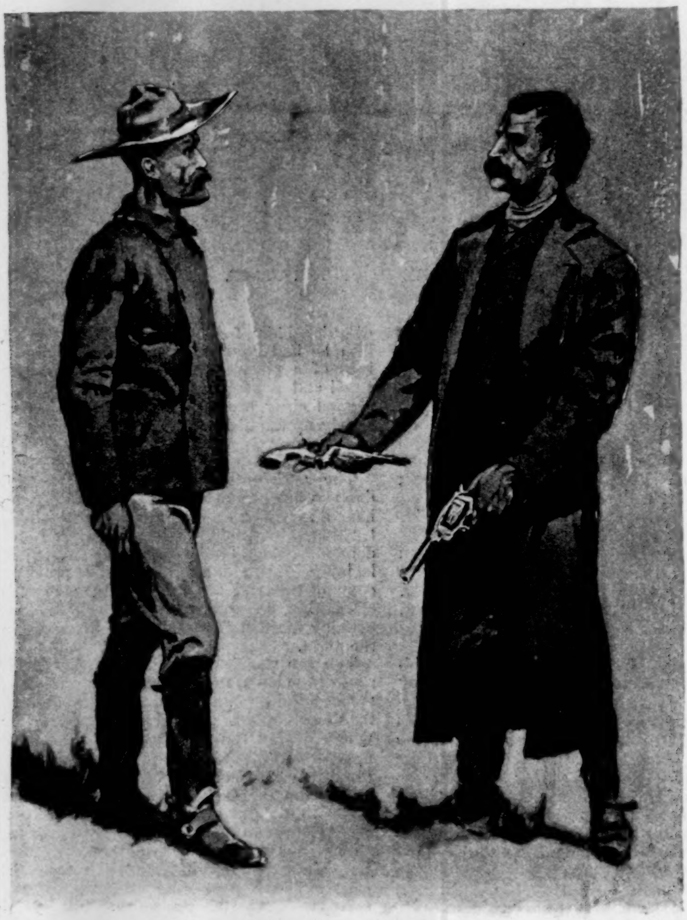
The tone and manner of address as well as its suddenness caused the ranchman to raise his head and spring backward a pace or two. Before him in the wood stood his whilom midnight visitor. But there was about him nothing of that hesitation or embarrassment which characterized his first encounter. The stranger was apparently beside himself with fury, and his black eyes snapped and his fingers were nervously clinched as he thus confronted Durgy. Notwithstanding his surprise, the ranchman noted that his dashing exterior had suffered somewhat from thorns and brambles. There were several rents in his black overcoat, and on his right cheek there was a furrow of so peculiar a character that in its half-healed condition it suggested an unusual accident. However, he had no opportunity to speculate upon the stranger's appearance, for the latter again accosted him with an abruptness and violence of manner that exceeded his first utterance.

"—— your impudence!" he ejaculated, striding forward and menacing him with clinched hands. "What do you mean by blundering in upon me at this time and place?"

Durgy stared blankly at him. "Have you got a mortgage on this river?" he asked, quietly. "If you have, why don't you fence it in?"

"I'm more likely to fence you in," returned the man, threateningly, and gnashing his teeth in a wolf-like rage. "Didn't I tell you to keep yourself this side the river? Didn't I pay you not to interfere between me and Miss Townsend?"

The speech recalled Durgy to himself. For answer he put one hand in the breast of his coat, and drew forth the leathern purse which the other had given him. He flung it contemptuously upon the ground between them. Then he folded his arms, and looked calmly into the black eyes that were fixed upon him.



"CHOOSE WHICHEVER ONE OF THESE BARKERS YOU WANT."

Frederic Remington

"THE FLYING FIGURE PASSED."

"I'm glad to have this opportunity of returning thet wallet you dropped in my tent the other night by accident," he said, quietly. "Mebbe, when you get to know me better, you'll understand that I'm not seekin' money from chance acquaintances, nor acceptin' it from any one to me onbeknownst. All the same, I thanks ye, and returns it."

The stranger spurned the purse with his booted foot. "Let the money lie there," he cried, "until you and I have settled our differences. I'm talking to you about a matter I value more than money or money's worth. I asked you to do me a favor—to keep away from the young woman you'd been fortunate enough to save, and I offered to do what I reckoned was right for the service, with a promise of more if you kept that word, and how have you fulfilled it? By calling on the young woman day in and day out, by takin' walks in her society, by philanderin' here and there and general skylarkin', by making love to her behind my back—by making love to her and slandering me."

He paused, with an indignant wave of the hand, took a plug of tobacco from his vest pocket and nervously bit off a piece of it, throwing the remainder impatiently away. Then, after rolling the weed under his tongue a few seconds with a grimace as if bringing himself face to face with the issue before him, he folded his arms, and again confronted Durgy.

"What I ask you now," he said, deliberately, "is whether you propose to give any heed to my wishes in this business, or whether you're reckonin' to run things in general to suit your own taste?"

Durgy glanced coolly at his questioner. The two rivals for this frontier siren's affections confronted each other with folded arms, indignant pose, and drawn features. A bounding hare came suddenly through the wood, and catching sight of them, was stricken mute in pulsating terror. A squirrel on a limb above let an acorn fall, so breathless was the little animal's attention. A spotted lizard leered derisively from a neighboring stone at this aggressive tableau of the archenemy man. But, all unconscious of this irony of nature, the war of words went on. In the mellow sunlight the ranchman's voice sounded clear and calm.

"What I'm going to do, I haven't said, and I don't know as you've any call to hear. A man that makes his living in the way you do, Jim White, isn't worth the love of a decent woman, nor fit to ask favors of any respectable man."

The outlaw unclasped his arms at this, and drew his revolvers with an exclamation of rage.

"If thet's the way you feel about it," he said, with an oath, "I reckon one of us will never leave this place alive. I won't take thet from any man, and we'll make an end of this row right here. But I'll be fair about it. Choose whichever one of these barkers you want, and step off ten paces. I'm ready for you as soon as you say the word."

He cocked one of the six-shooters. "It has a strange quick jar upon the ear, this cocking of a pistol." Durgy's face blanched, but his eye never quailed. He accepted the weapon mechanically.

"All right," he said, grimly; "if thet's your lay, you'll find me ready. No man can say thet I ever gave him the go-by, if he called me out. I ain't thet kind, Jim White. I'll back off ten paces, and count three. Whichever dies, may God have mercy upon him!"

No sound was heard in the green-wood. The squirrel upon the limb had curled his tail over his back, a watchful but silent spectator; the hare still cowered trembling beneath a manzanita; the lizard was dozing in the sunlight.

The outlaw drew himself erect and raised his revolver. Holding his pistol at half arm, Durgy slowly took ten backward paces.

"One! Two!—"

There was a sudden bright flash and shattering report. The lifted revolver dropped instantly from his opponent's nerveless hand, and with a half groan he wheeled sharply round and fell heavily upon his face. The ranchman, with bated breath and startled eyes, remained rooted in his place. He lowered his revolver, and half wonderingly examined the chambers. They were intact.

A second later, with a subdued chuckle, Sheriff Townsend slipped from behind an adjacent bush. He strode to the side of the fallen man, and contemptuously regarded him. "I reckon we're square now, Jim White," he muttered as he gazed at the black ragged hole in his temple, from which a crimson stream was dripping hideously down the cheek. "I reckon thet's neat enough for a left-hander, and might satisfy the most fastidyus. Mebbe, ef you've got any more fellers to lay up in the kentry where you're goin', ye'll p'r'aps be perlite enough to give 'em some warnin' afore ye turn loose on 'em, now you've started on the long trail."

He turned towards Durgy. "Well, 'Jonah,' I feel right well paid fur all my practisin'."

The ranchman nodded sullenly. "What did you ever do to thet man thet he should take a notion to gun for you?" he asked.

"Durn me ef you 'ain't got me now," returned Townsend, with a puzzled look. "But he done it. I've figgered on thet for a six months, but I reckon 'twar this. I jailed a pardner o' this chap's two year ago down at Lampasas Hot Springs. The two used to hold up everybody on the Belton road in them days, and was clus friends. My dissolvin' the firm, I reckon, kem ruther hard on Jim. Cut down the profits, and interfered consider'ble with his reg'lar bizness. Prob'ly he laid off to git square, and took his own way of doin' it. Thet's what *I* allowed to do. It's a cold day when I git left. No thanks to the county. I settle my own scores."

He took an oiled rag from his coat pocket and carefully cleaned the chamber of his revolver, still gazing at his prostrate foe. Durgy's nerves were still trembling from the tension of the late encounter.

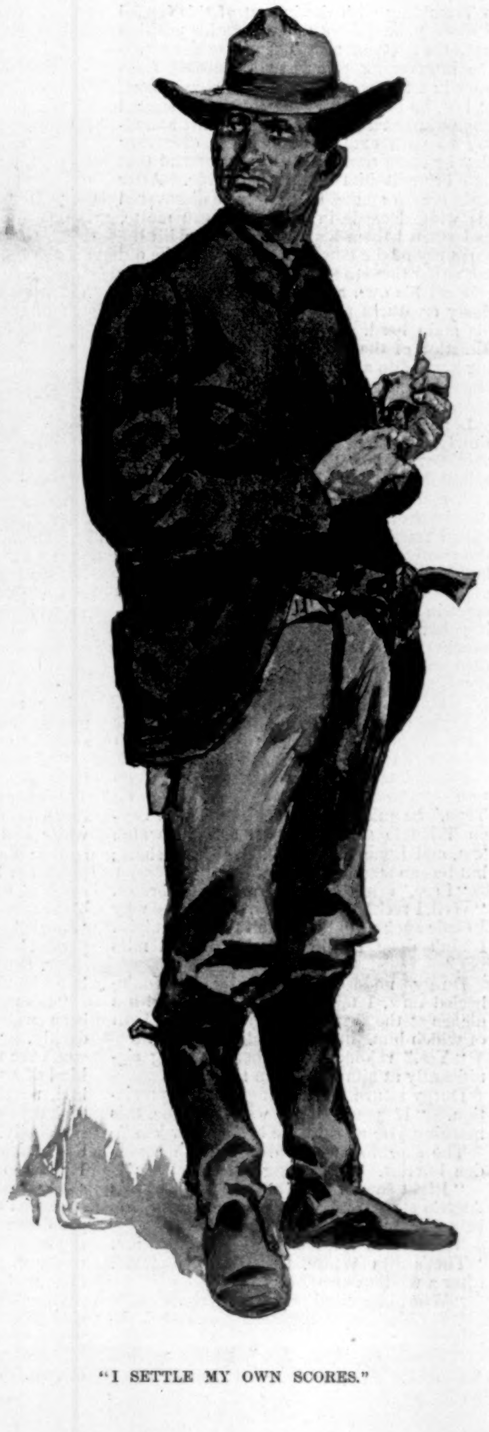
"If you'd waited a little longer it's possible I might have settled this score myself," he said, ruefully.

"Or been settled yerself," said the sheriff, grimly. "Jim didn't miss often. Nur *I* nuther." He stopped, and turned the body over carefully. The half-healed scar came beneath his eye. "There! I thought I ought at least to have barked him the other night. I see I *did*. A little nearer, and I might have been saved my trip this morning." He paused. "And Lou wouldn't hev been a prisoner of war."

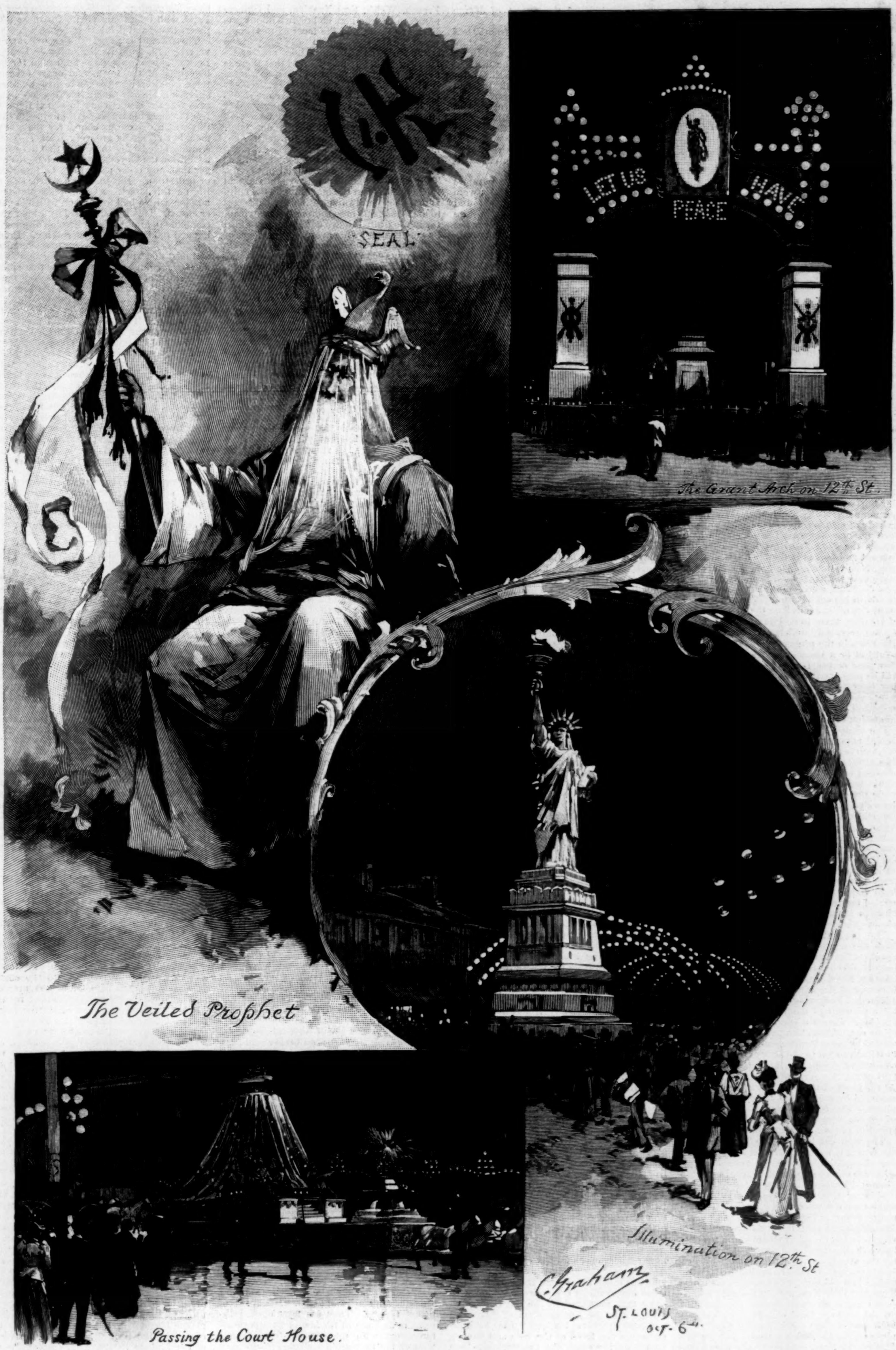
Durgy caught at the last sentence. "What have you done with Lou?" he demanded, breathlessly.

"Locked her up in her own bedroom till she gits over the sulks," replied the sheriff, with a chuckle. "I won't stand any nonsense in my women folks. I ain't built thet way."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"I SETTLE MY OWN SCORES."


V.P.
SEAL
LET US HAVE PEACE
The Grant Arch on 12th St.
The Veiled Prophet
Passing the Court House.
Illumination on 12th St
C. Graham
ST. LOUIS
Oct. 6th

THE VEILED PROPHET PAGEANT AT ST. LOUIS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 806.]

"WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN."

"When my ship comes in," runs the young man's song,
"What brave things shall I do
With the strength of my wealth and the joyous throng
Of friends stout-hearted and true!"

He watches and waits 'neath storm and sun
By the shore of his life's broad sea,
And the days of his youth are quickly run,
Yet never a sail spies he.

"My ship has gone down!" in soberer strain
Sings the man, and to duty turns.
He forgets the ship in his toil and pain,
And no longer his young hope burns.

Yet again by the shore he stands grown old
With the course of his years well spent,
And gazing out on the deep—behold,
A dim ship landward bent!

No banner she flies, no songs are borne
From her decks as she nears the land;
Silent with sail all sombre and torn
She is safe at last by the strand.

And lo! To the man's old age she has brought
Not the treasures he thought to win,
But honor, content and love—life-wrought,
And he cries, "Has my ship come in!"

M. A. de Wolfe Howe, Jun.

THE "VEILED PROPHET."

The pageant of the Veiled Prophet is the crowning feature of the fall festivities in St. Louis, which begin with the opening of the Exposition the first Wednesday in September, and continue forty days. During this period St. Louis is the centre of attraction of almost the whole of the Mississippi valley. The Exposition, the great fair, the illuminations, the Gilmore concerts, the national conventions of one organization or another, the races, bring thousands of people into the city every day of the forty. But the great day, the day when the valley pours its population into its metropolis, is the first Tuesday in October, the day in the evening of which the Veiled Prophet appears in all his glory. For thirteen years this mysterious individual has annually visited St. Louis. What men or body of men is responsible for his appearance no one knows. The secrecy which throws the glamour of mysticism over the pageant and makes it doubly attractive has never been violated. Along in September of every year brilliant placards are scattered all over the West, conveying the Prophet's commands to his subjects to appear in his "beloved city of St. Louis" on the first Tuesday of October, there to do him honor. That is all, but everybody understands it and obeys. The floats in the procession always illustrate a subject or a connected series of subjects. One year scenes from the *Arabian Nights* will be presented; another, scenes from popular fairy tales; another, events in the discovery and conquest of America will be illustrated. There is never an advertisement or suggestion of an advertisement.

The Veiled Prophet made his fourteenth annual appearance on the evening of Tuesday, October 6th, in his accustomed splendor. The streets along the line of march were crowded with people, all traffic was suspended, thousands of gas and incandescent lights made the city bright as day, buildings were decorated with the colors of the Prophet; the stage and the audience were ready. Away out in the west the sound of a bomb is heard; then the heavens in that direction assume a rosy hue, reflecting the lights of the torch-carriers. The Prophet has started on his annual pilgrimage. There is a shout from those nearest the "Den"—the building from which the procession starts—which is carried on down the long line, and then the hitherto impatient and noisy multitude becomes quiet.

The pageant this year illustrated scenes from the works of the "ten most popular novelists." Scott, Dickens, George Eliot, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Hawthorne, Captain Charles King, Lew. Wallace, Jules Verne, Dumas, and Haggard were the authors thus honored. Following the advance-guard of three platoons of mounted police came the Prophet. He sat upon a throne in the rear of the car. Above him was a massive crown carried by three Cupids, and from this a gold-tinselled veil fell to the floor of the float, half concealing the figures of the Prophet, his two priests, his secretary, and his treasurer. At the front of the float was a fountain surmounted by a great urn filled with tropical plants. The costumes and the decorations of the car were gorgeous, and worthy of the splendor of the mystic monarch.

The next car bore bronze figures of the ten novelists named, and then came a representation of the *Nautilus*, the wonderful vessel which cuts so important a figure in Verne's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*. Following this was a realistic submarine scene from the same work. Two floats illustrating events in Captain King's *The Colonel's Daughter* came next, the first being the interview between Colonel Pelham and his scouts in their quarters in Arizona, and the latter the attack on the Apache camp by Pelham's troops. On the following float, on the steps of an old Southern mansion, sat Uncle Tom and little Eva, and on the next a half-dozen negro slaves danced to the music of an old banjo in front of a rude log cabin—both scenes from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The ninth and tenth floats illustrated Hawthorne's *The Marble Faun*—the carnival on the Corso and market-day at Perugia. An exact reproduction of Dovecote Mill, George Eliot's *Mill on the Floss*, was the feature of the next car, and the following one showed the subterranean palace of the Count of Monte Cristo.

Three floats illustrated scenes from *David Copperfield* — Peggotty's house, the shipwreck in which Ham lost his life, and Uriah Heep's law office. Then came the meeting of Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth, when the former used his cloak to such good advantage—this from *Kenilworth*. The next tableau illustrated the tournament at Ashby, from *Ivanhoe*. Following these came the meeting of Montezuma and Cortez and the death of Montezuma, from *The Fair God;* the chariot-race, from *Ben-Hur;* the head of the Ethiopian, from *She;* and an elephant-hunt, from *King Solomon's Mines*.

This ended the pageant. All the costumes and the scenes in the twenty tableaux were strictly in accord with the descriptions found in the works illustrated. All the floats were splendid in colors and tinsel, and under the glow of the red lights of the torch-bearers who surrounded each car nothing could be more beautiful and fascinating. This year a cold drizzling rain fell while the procession was passing, the first time the event has ever been marred by unfavorable weather; but the crowd stood until the last float had passed and disappeared in the distance.

As the Veiled Prophet's parade is to the general public, so the Veiled Prophet's ball is to the "400," or the "4000," of the valley. It is the great society event of the year in St. Louis. The young girls of the city always make their débuts at the V. P. ball. Thousands of dollars are lavished on decorations and illuminations, and many thousands more on the costumes. It is one of the most brilliant events in the United States, and the belles look forward to and talk about it for months before and afterwards. Only the elect in the social world are invited, and the invitations, which come from no one knows where and from no one knows who, are veritable works of art, which are always treasured as souvenirs of the occasion.

The ball is always held in the great hall of the Merchants' Exchange, and no grander place for such an affair can be found anywhere. The Veiled Prophet's procession comes to an end at the doors of the Exchange, where the Prophet and all his retinue descend from the floats and pass into the hall. They march around the hall two or three times, the Prophet selects his partner for the dance—an honor equal to that of being chosen Queen of Beauty at a mediæval tournament—all his followers do likewise, and the great ball is opened.

THE AMERICAN AVENUE OF NEW YORK.

New York is not entirely peculiar among the great cities in the fact that many of her streets are so much alike that any but a very keen observer, if put down in one of forty or fifty of the cross streets devoted to residences, would be unable to locate his whereabouts within a mile or so. This sameness is due in a great measure to the uniformness of the domestic architecture and to the regulation widths of the city lots. But in the great avenues which run north and south any person with even a little knowledge of New York would know at once exactly in which one he was. They differ the one from the other as greatly as do the various peoples of the earth; and yet they are all American, and each one has a distinctive New York stamp. The metropolis would lose in character without any of them; and this is true notwithstanding the fact that the wealthy residents and the well-to-do visitors know as little of the great streets somewhat east and west of the Fifth Avenue as the ordinary and conventional tourist knows of the Old World hamlets distant from the beaten track and remote from the great highways of travel.

While all of these avenues are American, none of them approaches the Eighth Avenue in what is distinctively American, that is, American in the sense of belonging to and being part of the United States. The Ninth Ward of New York was formerly called the American ward of the city, and the Eighth Avenue leads northward directly from this ward, which was also once known as Greenwich village. The Americanism of this locality was the pride and the boast of the people who lived in it. "We are not proud," they used to say, "and we are free from all prejudices, but we won't have any foreigners among us." And so they lived for a generation or more, having a society of their own, and keeping to an extent aloof from the rest of the great city. I do not pretend that the Americanism of the Eighth Avenue is an outgrowth of that of the old Ninth Ward, for it is not, and I only mention this ancient stronghold of Know-Nothingism to point out the difference between the Americanism of to-day and that which Americanism was once conceived to be. I have taken no census of the Eighth Avenue, and can only therefore speak as an observer who has made notes from the outside. But these observations are entirely sufficient to show that, measured by the old Greenwich village rule, the Americanism of this broad and busy street is at low ebb, for the business signs and the faces of the men and women seen hurrying along the thoroughfare both indicate that no race or religious standard is applied to either those who buy or those who sell. But there is an even admixture—there are English, Irish, German, Scotch, French, Welsh, Scandinavian, and Chinese names to be seen here and there without prejudice or favor, and the faces of the people who walk the street tell just as plainly as the sign-boards the national origin, near or remote, of each. It may be said that there is nothing strange in this, that this is as it nearly always is, and is as it should be. This is all very true, but the Eighth Avenue shows all this in a different way from any other street. It shows these people at their very best, for they are neither rich nor poor. They enjoy a medium of prosperity, but must work to maintain it. They exhibit a fair general average of the people, both as to social condition and material prosperity. They stand just midway between the rich and the poor, between the ignorant and the cultivated. This midway position is what seems to me to make them so thoroughly American, for in the United States our laws are framed by men chosen by the average intelligence of the people; our rulers—sometimes called public servants—are elected by the average men, and usually selected from their own number. The genius of the country is that of the general average.

In many other parts of New York, notably on the east side, one finds spots here and there where colonies have settled from one country and another. The Italians have streets, the Chinese have a quarter, the Russian and Polish Jews have whole blocks, and there are many streets in which German is almost exclusively spoken. But in the Eighth Avenue the mixture of races is too complete for any one of these foreign tongues to predominate, and English is the universal language. The dress, too, of the men and women is different from that seen in these other quarters, but different only in that it is about the same, though not so fine or so gaudy as that which we see in the districts where fashion shows itself. On an east-side avenue, up and down as far as one can see, the most available sites are occupied by bar-rooms. There are bar-rooms in the Eighth Avenue too, and some of them are very fine, with great plate-glass windows and brilliant electric lights in front. This indicates that they do a thriving business and are prosperous; but there are not nearly so many of them as in the other streets with which this avenue could be compared. And around and in front of these places one does not see congregations of men and boys on the lookout for adventure—in search of prey. Bar-rooms seem to be more numerous in localities where the people are poorest, and the same may be said of pawn-shops. There are a few of these latter in the Eighth Avenue, but very few. On several corners, which, if in any of the rival avenues to this, would have been occupied by drinking-saloons, we find in the Eighth Avenue very handsome jewelry shops; shops which, if in any other city than New York, would evoke local pride, and inspire a man, say from Louisville or Denver, to say, as he looked at them, "Tiffany's may be very well, but these places are hard to beat." But in New York, and in the Eighth Avenue, they are almost unnoticed, though they do show that the people who shop in this street have money to spend for something else than the mere necessities of life.

Banks for savings and deposit are almost as numerous as the jewelry stores. They are not merely small concerns with a clerk or two, but great and prosperous corporations, with large deposits and heavy clearances. There are also great shops for dry-goods, and many universal bazars where almost anything under heaven, from a pin to a piano, can be purchased. The furniture shops crowd each other on nearly every block, and display their stock upon the sidewalk until quite half of that which was intended as a promenade has been taken advantage of by private persons for the purposes of trade. Great canvas signs stretched across the fronts of several of these shops announce that furniture will be supplied on the "instalment plan," that is, by weekly and monthly payments. Curious to see how this plan was carried out and to learn its advantages, I visited one of the establishments. I learned that for cash a purchaser could get a discount of from fifteen to thirty per cent., while on the "instalment plan" the purchaser paid the full price, and the vender secured himself by a chattel mortgage. The plan may have advantages, but I confess that I saw none. But this method of doing business is not at all peculiar to Eighth Avenue. But there are peculiar establishments on this street. For instance, there are two chemists' shops at which only medicines are sold. Think of an American apothecary without glittering show-cases filled with fancy articles, without a cigar stand, and without a soda-water bar! The next time I am unlucky enough to have a physician's prescription I shall journey to Eighth Avenue to get it filled.

Where all this business is conducted there are, of course, places of amusement. There are several theatres and museums, but they are not in the least typical of the street, and had as well be anywhere else. There are also concert-halls where beer is sold, and music of a certain sort given. Nor are these places typical. They are kept open, I believe, in defiance of the law or by private arrangement with the police. This sounds wicked, but they are not wicked in any very bad sense, except that the music is bad, whereas, if such places could be licensed, the music would probably be very good. And at two places along the avenue there are sidewalk gardens, like those so often seen in Paris, with tables and chairs for those who prefer to eat and drink in the open air.

This avenue is paved with asphalt, and is very smooth from its beginning to Central Park. This affords a splendid road for the bicyclists of the town, and every evening these wheelmen can be seen in great numbers skurrying silently along, making no noise save when a bell is rung to signal those in front to clear the track. It would seem that this was a dangerous course for the wheelmen, but accidents are very scarce. Their scarcity may be due to the fact that in case of a collision the bicyclist is in much more danger than any other party to it, be he driver or pedestrian. But there is a graver side to life on this street. At one place stands a mission, with a hall for prayer, which is never closed. This is maintained by a man who combines in himself the profession of preaching and the business of undertaking. In his mission-hall he exhorts sinners to repentance, and next door, in the undertaking establishment, the coffins standing pile on pile speak as plainly of the end of man as the open grave and "memento mori" of the Trappist monks.

Eighth Avenue is seen at its best on Saturday nights. The shops are all open, and each one seems to have outdone itself in brilliancy of illumination. These shop-keepers for this middle class know very well that pocket-books are usually better supplied with cash on Saturday nights than at other times, and the displays are made more than ordinarily tempting. Then the average family sets much more store by the Sunday dinner than do those who dine well every day of their lives. On Saturday nights the last of the good things for this great feast are bought from confectioner and delicatessen man. The young men are out with their girls for ice-cream or oysters, according as the season is, and from eight o'clock till past eleven the brightly lighted street is alive with American citizens of all ages, but more nearly of an equal social condition than can be found in any other great street in the country.

ANOTHER MONUMENT TO GENERAL GRANT.

Monuments multiply, and in the passage of the years General Grant seems to be the monumental hero of the age. New York may be laggard in this respect, but no harm is ever done by waiting, and the New York memorial will be more of a national tribute than a local one. It was not long ago that Galena honored her old townsman by erecting an imposing statue, and now Chicago has come to the fore. This latter monument cost in the neighborhood of $65,000, and for the benefit of certain cavillers, who are continually snapping at New York, a comparative study of figures might be interesting. The amounts collected already far exceed the cost of any other monument, and the work is still progressing with that certainty and slowness necessary to render perfect such a gigantic undertaking. But the Chicago monument is a grand and notable work, imposing in every way. In Harper's Weekly for July 4, 1891, the story of the inception of the statue and the details of the work were given, together with an illustration by Mr. T. de Thulstrup. On Wednesday, October 7th, the monument was unveiled at Chicago.

The day was one of general interest and display, and a large crowd was present at the celebration. The weather was not all that could be desired; but when people are really interested in anything, the weather has little effect upon enthusiasm. The memory of General Grant occupies a large space in the minds of most men, and the people of Chicago remember him as a citizen of their State as well as the great General and statesman. In addition to this, Mrs. Grant was present, and the opportunity was most fitting for the display of love and honor which the populace hold for the dead patriot. The opening exercises began with a mighty procession of 20,000 men, composed of real soldiers, ex-soldiers, and militia. Then there were the usual number of patriotic orders and organizations, besides a lot of orders and organizations that were not patriotic, but which helped to swell the procession. According to a Chicago paper, the on-lookers composed "pre-eminently a Western crowd," which contained "nothing dyspeptic or cynical," a shaft evidently directed at the effete East.

The water was rough in the morning, and the waters were decidedly turbulent and discouraging to small craft, but the "Marine Marshal," Captain J. S. Dunham, was equal to the occasion. Oil did the work, and the fleet was anchored in peaceful waters, numbering about two hundred vessels of all descriptions, headed by the United States steamship *Michigan*. Bishop J. P. Newman opened the ceremonies at Lincoln Park with prayer, after which Colonel E. S. Taylor made an address passing the monument into the keeping of the Lincoln Park Commissioners. As he finished his address, Miss Mary Strong, daughter of the late General W. E. Strong, unveiled the statue by pulling at a cord. The people cheered, and the statue was duly accepted by the Hon. W. C. Goudy, President of the Lincoln Park Commissioners, and after that by Mayor Washburn on behalf of the city. Judge Walter Q. Gresham, as orator of the day, followed with an interesting address, and the ceremonies were over.

AMATEUR · SPORT

Now that the dust of the first days of general practice upon the foot-ball fields has cleared away, and the prodigies of preparatory school "hundred and ninety pounders" have dwindled down to one hundred and sixty, and a fat boy at that, one can look about and make a fair guess as to what new men we are likely to see tried in earnest for 'varsity players.

At New Haven the material is plentiful, but the quality not promising. I ran up to see one of the practice days this week, and although I doubt if McClung realizes it, the stock he has in hand will take more dressing down than that with which Rhodes began a year ago. The majority of the men have played just enough foot-ball to avoid the faults that stand out like excrescences, and are readily seen and easily cut off, but beyond the foot-ball education acquired in preparatory schools there was nothing. Now I don't mean to reflect upon preparatory school training. There are always two or three boys on a school team who thoroughly understand the sport, but they have to do all the thinking for the rest; and McClung seems likely to have some heavy thinking to do for his men before he lands them winners. Norton, of Dartmouth, who is one of the men Gill brought out when he went up to Hanover to train the men in green stockings, seemed to make the most of himself in running of any of the new men, but as he was given no kicking to do, one could hardly make a complete judgment of his abilities. He looked old enough to be well seasoned, and as such would be valuable if the Yale captain ran short of half backs.

Noyes, another new man, who tried last year, is talked of as the probable full back. If he should make that position, Trafford, and Homans, and big Hall of Wesleyan will all "have fun with him," for he cannot kick within twenty yards of any of them. Little Richards, a brother of "Gene" Richards of former Yale fame, kicked fully as well and far from behind the scrub rush line as Noyes did behind a solid 'varsity. Paine and Sanford as centres were amusing, but none the less promising. Neither of them knew much, but both were strong and willing, and a man like Corbin could make either man a good centre by coaching steadily. A man by the name of Hinkey, who, I understand, is just from school, played a well-judged end on the scrub side, and although he looks far from strong, certainly understands what an end rusher is for.

At Princeton the great cry is for big rushers. It does seem like a freak of fortune that all the remarkable men who turn up this fall on Princeton sands are half backs. The crack of them all is, of course, Johnny Poe, and it will be nothing short of a miracle if he doesn't get his head turned before mid-season with all the fine things that are said of him. And, to be one of the crowd, I must confess that I never saw a man whose every ounce of bone and sinew was so full of foot-ball as is this boy's. I remember a previous half-back Poe at Princeton, who let such men as Hull and Lamb, of Yale, slide gracefully over his head, and he wasn't a circumstance to this little tyke. Wood is likely to make a strong bid for place this year. He carries the weight that Captain Warren is anxious to see in his forward line, and although he talks of the half-back division, it certainly seems as though the rush line offered a better chance. I remember him, I think, as a substitute on the team of two years ago, and he was not to be despised even then. Now, with his added weight and experience, he should make his way. Vincent is another man who appeared to good advantage, and who seems fitted for either line work or running. He is quite the type of a dashing end, if he can be steadied down into carefulness, and would make a quick and clever tackle.

A few foot-ball cranks every year work themselves into quite a delicious state of tremor in whispering behind their hands that the Crescent team is going to beat Yale. When they speak aloud they merely say that the Crescent team is going to score, but, on the quiet, they say win. This does no harm, of course, and is just as amusing to the Crescent players as it is to any men well posted in the game. A year ago the Crescent team had a bare chance if they had had a coach for a couple of weeks before the match, and that year was the only time I ever heard the Crescent players suggest seriously the probability of their defeating Yale. This year the cranks went through their week of expectancy, and had a harder tumble than ever, when McClung's men mounted the plucky but out-classed Brooklynites. And the Crescents will always be out-classed by the collegians until they are handled in a similar way. The college teams are told beforehand exactly what style of game to play, and they play it with a dogged determination and obedience that are admirable. Every day and every week of practice advances them farther and farther away from the athletic club team, as the scores of past seasons show. The Crescent-Yale contest of October is more or less of a game; that of November is usually a slaughter. Why don't the Crescents secure a first-class coach, put themselves entirely in his hands, and give the Yale team a surprise this November?

As to the judgment one might form upon the Yale team from their work in this game, it could not be a trustworthy one. Primarily, a third of the men who wore the blue in that match will not be on the team we shall see in November. And next, the game they played against the Crescents was particularly chosen and directed against the weaknesses of that club, and is not the game that McClung will keep his men at during the next few weeks. There is, however, one point to be drawn from that contest, and it is that there are no first-class kickers in Yale to-day, unless they are being kept in the background. Those who compare the games played by Harvard, Princeton, and Yale in early October may have said with reason that Yale is making the best showing at this date, but for all that, Mr. McClung, it will go hard with you and yours in November championship games unless you can develop a kicker.

What McClung and Trafford are going to do for centres becomes more and more of a problem every day. When Billy Rhodes last year lost his centre on the day before his great match, he never let his team suspect for a moment what he knew about the seriousness of the situation. They tell me that he made them feel he had perfect confidence in Lewis, and it was only to his coaches he admitted the gravity of the loss. Cumnock knew all through his season that, unless he developed some wonderful man, he could rely upon old John Cranston, and, as a matter of fact, he failed to find even an average man outside. Trafford, then, has just as serious a problem as McClung, for he must do what Cumnock failed to succeed in accomplishing, and Cumnock began attempts to find a centre just as early as possible. He wanted to play Cranston against Yale's big guard, of course; and it would have taken perfection in the play of any centre to please him under the circumstances.

Still another fact confronts Trafford. Burgess, or any one of his other quarters, will need more help from the centre in the way of protection than did Dean, so, upon the whole, the Harvard captain's bed will not be one of roses until he has found a snap back with strength and brains. McClung has tried Paine in one game, and Sanford in another, and is now at work upon Stillman. To speak plainly, I do not think any one of them without Heffelfinger and Morison — which is the way they have played thus far—is worth the lacing on Cranston's jacket. What any of them can do when flanked by two such fine guards is naturally a different question. Stillman looks best for choice at present. Nor are centres any too plentiful down in Jersey. Symmes is thus far the choice, but he has never pretended to much more than average work. He has plodded along steadily, and by this time reached the point where rough usage and hard days of practice will not weigh heavily upon him, but failed to arrive at any high degree of skill in the place. In fact the "stuff" is lacking in him to fill that place. Warren does not seem particularly pleased with his work thus far.

Letters without number have been showered in this direction touching the action of the Intercollegiate Association regarding Pennsylvania's games. It appears to me that the parties entirely to blame for this heroic treatment are the men from the Quaker City themselves. Last year they did not seem to care what any one thought of the style of play to which they subjected Princeton, and Princeton has refused to invite a repetition of their Philadelphia experience. Then they sent their Advisory Committee man—who should never have attended a meeting of the lower house—into the convention to *insist* that Yale play the Pennsylvania game two weeks before the usual date. The course of discipline to which the convention treated the Pennsylvania representative will probably be wholesome not only in correcting the abuse of the game in which the team indulged last year, but also in convincing the Pennsylvania management of the necessity of sending a less hot-tempered representative to future meetings.

Although it has been quite a time since we have heard any mention of "dual league" projects, I am by no means sure that the thought has gone out of the minds of those who first took it up. There are a few men at Harvard and Yale whose long experience in college athletics has enabled them to judge very accurately what are the proper means and methods of accomplishing any desired object in these fields. One easily recognizes the hand of these men in the nine-year agreement regarding track athletics, and I do not believe there is the least question as to their making a move toward negotiating some similar arrangement in foot-ball circles this fall.

These men are not of the type that gives up at a single rebuff, nor a succession of them. They are patient waiters, but they will some time be served. They know that Yale will make no question as to playing Harvard any more than she did last year in foot-ball, and they know that Harvard has ceased to entertain her impossible proposition of two games with Yale annually.

Thus there is nothing in the way of their match of 1891, and very little in the way of an arrangement for more than a single season.

The old bones of contention, the eligibility of special students and playing outside of New England, still lie between the two parties, but the whips on each side will—mark my words—make a very strong try this fall for an agreement, and that, once reached, would be clinched for several years.

In Princeton's glee at having scored twenty-eight points—two more against the Crescents on Saturday than did Yale the previous week—one important fact should not be overlooked. About a third of the men on the Yale eleven were really "scrub" men, and ones that will not be found on the 'varsity in a couple of weeks. On the other hand, Princeton had out the most promising candidates, with one or two exceptions, and in calculating on the comparative results it is well to bear this in mind.

It is well also to remember that of her last year's team, Yale really loses but four valuable men—Rhoades, Harvey, Williams, and B. Morrison (she loses Lewis, the centre, also, but his place will be filled to much better advantage)—and that McClung, Heffelfinger, Wallis S. Morison, Barbour, Crosby, and Hartwell are all to be in their old positions. Here is a nucleus for a strong team, and it's just as well for Princeton to consider this, and not be deluded by rumors of green material, or fall into fallacious comparisons. With one of the big candidates for centre—say Paine—and Morison and Heffelfinger guards, Yale is going to have a stone wall in the middle of her line; then there are Crosby and Hartwell on the ends, and Wallis, leaving but one vacancy in the line. Back of the forwards there are McClung and L. Bliss, whose work is perfectly familiar to all foot-ball men. Therefore be it remembered that while there is an abundance of green material at New Haven and plenty of work for the men to do, Yale begins with the best veteran material in the field, and McClung has a start to that extent of the other captains.

Princeton's work on Saturday in the game with the Crescents, although ragged, had in it qualities that should make all friends of the orange and black rather jubilant. But don't run away with the idea there was anything wonderful in it. It is only that there has so little good new material gone into Princeton this year that what Captain Warren has succeeded in accomplishing with that little augurs well for the coming weeks. The chief point in Princeton's work that impressed me was the improvement in interference; it was weak last year, and I am pleased to discover in Mr. Warren's head an appreciation of this as one of the most essential features of the game. Some very pretty runs were made on Saturday by Adams, guarded by King and Poe. Here is a young man—Adams—who is going to do something for himself ere the year is out. If he does not get hurt, he will score many points for Princeton. He is clever, quick, a ground gainer, and plucky. With King at quarter, Adams and Poe halves, and Homans, who is kicking beautifully this year, Princeton is as strong, if not stronger, behind the line than either Yale or Harvard.

Bergen is being tried at half back, and does some very fair work; but he runs too high, and in a hard game would be broken in two in being sent through the line. No man can run with his nose up in the breeze and make a successful half back; he is a sure mark for tackling, and is invariably carried back, losing something of what he may have gained. The most promising man on the line, of the new men, seems to me to be Harold at right tackle. He is a solid raw-boned chap, stands on his feet as though nothing could move him, and when he gets his hand on a runner, is sure to hold him. Watching him closely, I discovered he was careless in tackling, rather going at it hit or miss, and very apt to lose many a good opportunity. This corrected, and Harold should make a good man. Dowkont at right guard was crude, but seems to have strength, and that is a very important factor. The two men should develop into valuable additions to the line. Davis at left tackle appears rather light for that position, and Vincent on left end showed up very fairly. It is too bad Symmes with all his weight can't use it to better advantage. Is it impossible to infuse some ginger into Jefferson? He seems built for a centre, and yet last year, after trial, he proved unsatisfactory.

As for the game itself, it was not of a very high order of foot-ball. Fumbles and flukes followed one another in disastrous succession. Some very pretty plays there were; one when Bergen was run entirely through the Crescent line, and on down the field to their goal for a touch-down. Princeton made some nice holes in the Crescent line; but, on the other hand, the Crescents got through many times, and with absurd ease. Harry Beecher, for instance, who gives occasional exhibitions of play as good as any in his prime, went through the Princeton line several times and tackled the half in his tracks. Hewlett did lots of good work for the Crescents, and so did the Lamarche boys.

Foot-ball at Harvard is just in that undeveloped condition calculated to send those who glance over the matter superficially into the depths of despair. According to these, the prospects are anything but bright. Now, as a matter of fact, while Harvard is not so fortunate as Yale in the return of veteran material, I can't see any especial cause for despair. She is a lot better off than Princeton. There is plenty of material—green, to be sure, but it is strong and ambitious. Harvard's rush line was so very good last year that it seems at this stage almost impossible to find men to fill the places of Cranston, Finlay, and Trafford, and otherwise of course the line will be weak. At this writing I have not seen enough of the men, or rather the men have not been playing long enough (Harvard being later in getting to work than the others), to enable me to go over them very thoroughly. Captain Trafford is in his old place as full back, and doing better work than ever. His kicking is especially noteworthy. Lake is certain for one half; and Corbett, if he returns to college, is likely to make another. If Corbett does return, the competition between him and A. M. White is sure to be keen. White was one of Harvard's athletic team last May in the distance runs. He played foot-ball last year, and was elected captain of his class eleven this season. He is a cross between Holden and Lee, and is strong and plucky. Another half candidate is Gage, who runs low, and is quick, determined, and plays in good style.

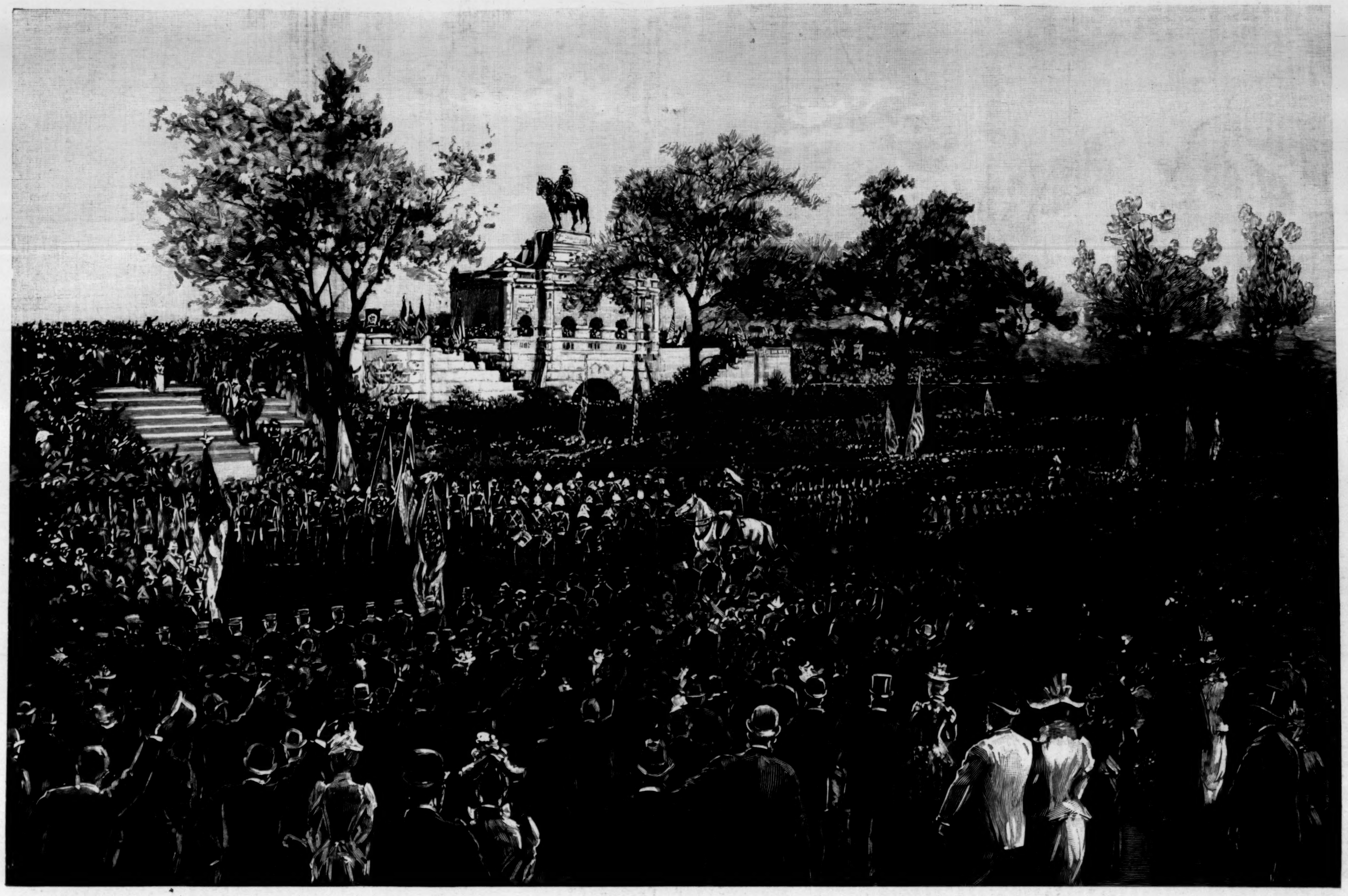
From the present outlook, Trafford will have no occasion to worry about backs. It is not easy to fill Dean's place at quarter. Burgess at present has the advantage of his last year's experience, but he pays too much attention to his own team, and fails to watch his opponents. Cobb, who caught on the nine, reminds me of Dean in the way he gets all over the field, and he has indeed a better eye all the time to the main chance. To fill centre is the question just now. Rantoul has been tried, and did very well, though the support from the guards was so miserable that it was impossible to note his fitness for the position. Bangs, a 185-pounder, has also been tried, though his showing was not so good. Of the other new men trying for positions on the line, Shea and Vail deserve mention, and are promising. Both are strong and improving. With Hallowell and Newell, at least two positions on the line are safely cared for, though the latter is not playing his game, and is out of condition. Of the other old men, Fearing, the half back, has been ill, and is not likely to show up, or indeed to be needed. Sherwin is also to be saved. All are working now to the one end. Captain Trafford has grasped the situation, and is making every effort to strengthen the line. Upon his success in so doing depends the success of the team, and I shall watch the choice of men and their development during the coming two weeks with great interest.

The choice of field for the Yale-Princeton Thanksgiving-day game and the number of other minor games that are to be played on the same ground is likely to be made public before the current week is over. Competition seems to be strong between Eastern Park field in Brooklyn and the new field of the Manhattan Athletic Club at 155th Street. The field of the latter is unquestionably the better this year, and although newly sodded, it has been rolled down so thoroughly and taken root so firmly as to combine all the springiness of the new with the durability of the old. In point of accommodation for spectators there is little difference between the two, nor is there much in accessibility.

Using amateurs as cat's-paws for professional chestnuts is not a pleasing spectacle. The amusement columns of the newspapers have been filled with advertisements of a "grand international six days' and six nights' bicycle-race," to start October 18th; and in the same column can be found the announcement of an "amateur bicycle tournament under the auspices of the Manhattan Bicycle Club" for Saturday night, October 17th. This is very clever on the part of the Madison Square Garden management; but every amateur who rides on that Saturday night should be disciplined by his club. Last winter the same scheme was worked with the lacrosse men, and on my calling attention to it, the amateur entries were withdrawn. The Madison Square Garden management holds this six days' professional bicycle-race to make money out of it; the addition of an alleged amateur tournament as a side show is for the same purpose. The amateur part of the programme begins Saturday night, and will be made to drag along till midnight, when the professionals start. A wheelman who has any respect at all for himself or amateur sport will not lend himself to such a scheme, and those whose cupidity is greater than their sportsmanship or common decency must be brought up with a sharp turn by their clubs. The first thing we know we shall have amateur foot-racing starting off a six days' go-as-you-please hippodrome. The Amateur Athletic Union has a mission here.

Philadelphia cricket reporters are yet filling their space with criticisms of my estimate on the Englishmen. Space is cheap in the Quaker City, more so than it is here, and current matter again commands all of mine this week.

Caspar W. Whitney.



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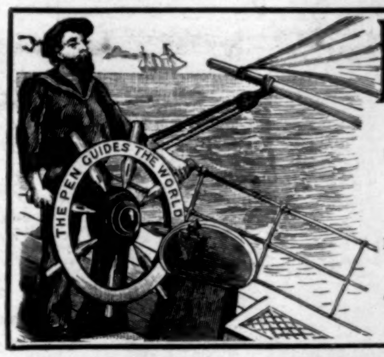
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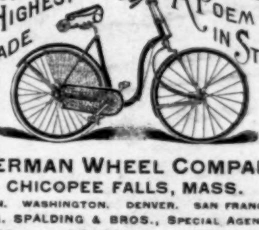

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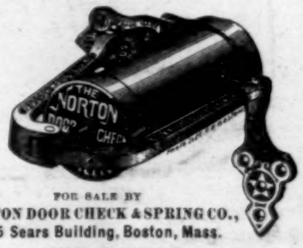

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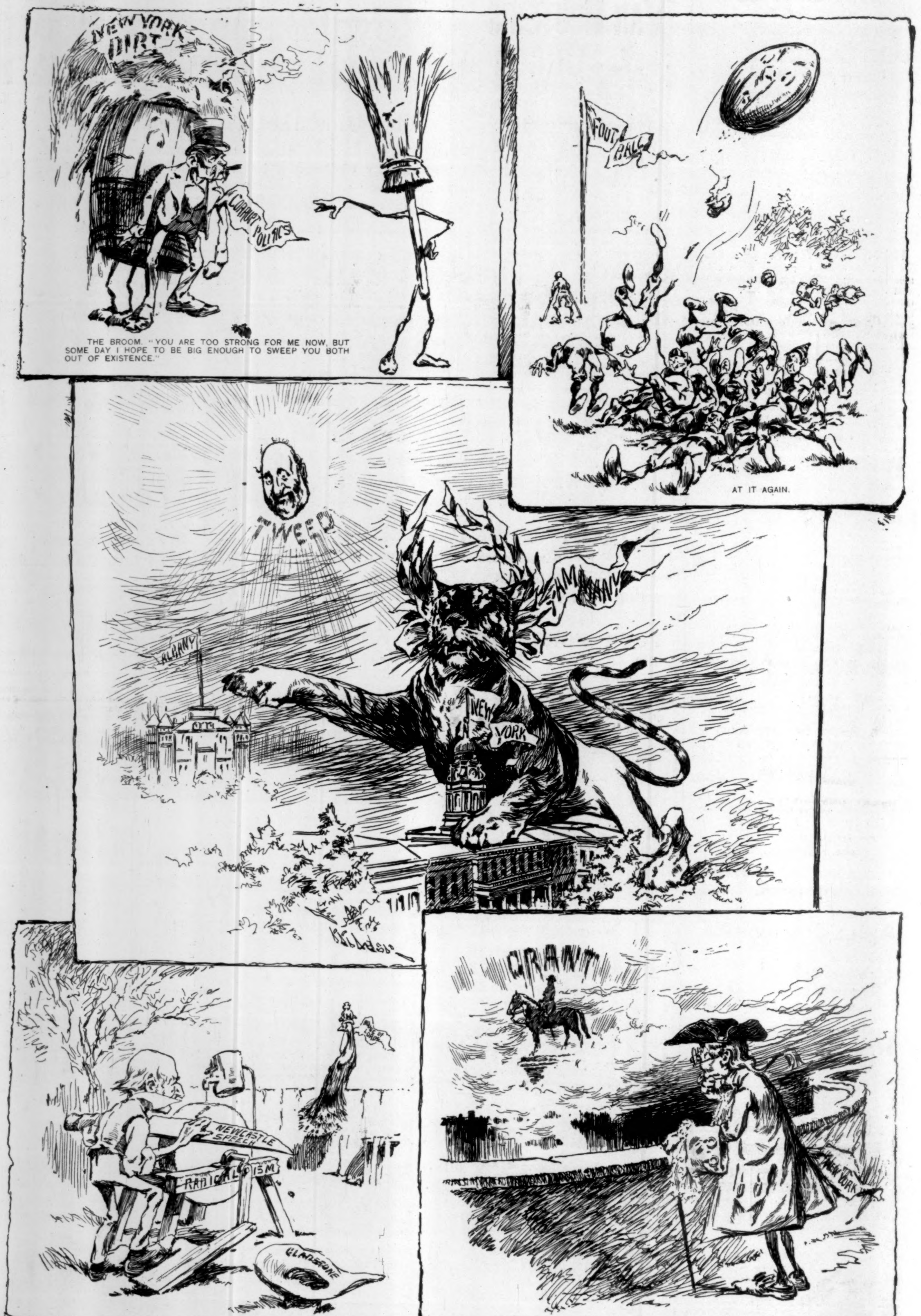
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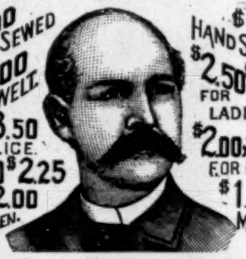

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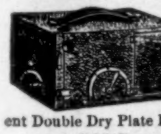

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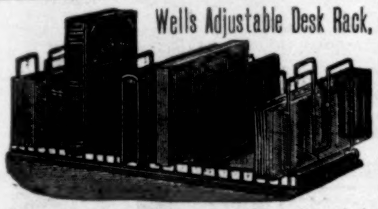

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No. 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

DIRECTORS:

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS	Boston, Mass.
LEMUEL BANNISTER	Pittsburg, Penn.
AUGUST BELMONT	New York, N. Y.
A. M. BYERS	Pittsburg, Penn.
CHARLES FAIRCHILD	Boston, Mass.
MARCELLUS HARTLEY	New York, N. Y.
GEORGE W. HEBARD	New York, N. Y.
HENRY B. HYDE	New York, N. Y.
BRAYTON IVES	New York, N. Y.
GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE, Jr.	Pittsburg, Penn.

REGISTRAR OF TRANSFERS:
MERCANTILE TRUST CO., 120 Broadway, N. Y.

WE ARE AUTHORIZED TO OFFER FOR SUBSCRIPTION THE ABOVE ISSUE OF Seven Per Cent. Cumulative Preferred Stock AT PAR.

The Preferred Stock is entitled to a cumulative preferred dividend of 7 per cent., payable semi-annually on Jan. 1 and July 1, and, in addition, to a proportionate share of all dividends declared in any year, after 7 per cent. has been paid on the other stocks outstanding. The Preferred Stock has also a preference in the assets of the company in case of liquidation over all other stocks.

The authorized capital stock of the Company is $10,000,000, of which $4,000,000 is Preferred Stock. Shares, $50 each.

The portion offered for subscription will be full paid and non-assessable when taken and paid for hereunder.

Application will be made to list the stocks on the New York and Boston Stock Exchanges.

The proceedings taken by the Company to create this issue of Preferred Stock have been submitted to counsel, and they advise us that the reorganization and this issue of Preferred Stock are valid in law.

The business of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company has grown to its present large proportions in about five years. Its growth has been not only rapid, but continuous, and has fully kept pace with the remarkable development of the electrical industry. Sales are as follows:

9 months, from 1st April to 31st December, 1886	$141,846.71
12 months, to 31st December, 1887	874,657.87
12 months, to 31st December, 1888	1,288,569.41
12 months, to 31st December, 1889	3,618,379.81
12 months, to 31st December, 1890	4,289,086.81

The Company manufactures its apparatus at three fully equipped factories—located, respectively, at Pittsburg, Penn.; Newark, N. J., and New York City—which furnish exceptionally complete facilities for the manufacture of all kinds of electric light and power apparatus.

The Company relies chiefly for success upon the quality and mechanical perfection of its work, although it has more than one thousand patents affording valuable protection against competition.

The Company will continue to have the benefit of the mechanical and engineering ability of its founder, Mr. Westinghouse.

We have made an estimate of the assets of the combined Companies, and our examination has led us to believe that, after making liberal deductions for all foreseen contingencies, the assets of the reorganized Company will furnish ample security for the total issue of Preferred Stock, without taking into consideration the value of the patents at all, and that the working capital will be fully sufficient to conduct the business on an economical basis, the saving in the interest account alone being sufficient to pay full dividends on this issue.

Subject to certain reservations detailed in the prospectus, the examination of the accountants shows an average profit of $443,140.52 per annum for the periods considered.

We invite subscriptions to the above-mentioned Preferred Stock **AT PAR**, payable as follows:

10 PER CENT. ON APPLICATION. | 30 PER CENT. ON 2D NOVEMBER.
30 PER CENT. ON ALLOTMENT. | 30 PER CENT. ON 23D NOVEMBER.

Subscribers have the option of paying in full for the stock allotted to them, and interest on the anticipated payment will be allowed at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

The right is reserved to reject or reduce any subscriptions, and to make allotments of less than the amounts applied for. In allotment, preference will be given, so far as practicable, to those stockholders assenting to the recent plan of reorganization, and to employees and dealers in the Company's manufactures.

The failure on the part of the subscriber to pay any instalment when due shall operate as a forfeiture of all previous payments.

The subscription list will open simultaneously at 10 o'clock A. M. on Wednesday, the 14th day of October, 1891, and close at 3 o'clock P. M. on Friday, the 16th day of October, 1891, at our offices.

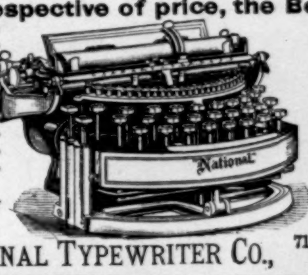
AUGUST BELMONT & CO., 23 Nassau St., New York.
LEE, HIGGINSON & CO., 44 State St., Boston.

Copies of the Plan of Reorganization, the prospectus, with full details and forms of application, can be obtained at the offices above mentioned.

The subscription for the entire amount of the Preferred Stock above offered has been guaranteed by underwriters in this country.

National Typewriter

Irrespective of price, the Best.



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BEST REMEDY | against Burns, Cuts, Bruises, Corns and Chafing.
BEST REMEDY | for Preserving and Softening the Skin, especially with SMALL CHILDREN.
BEST REMEDY | against Hemorrhoids (Piles.)

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BICYCLES GIVEN AWAY FREE TO BOYS & GIRLS UNDER 18. If any Boy or Girl wants an elegant High Grade Safety Bicycle (26 inch wheels) free on easy conditions, write at once to WESTERN PEARL CO., Chicago, Ill.

DOUBLE Breech-Loader $7.99. RIFLES $2.00 PISTOLS 75c **GUNS** WATCHES, BICYCLES. All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for catalogue to THE POWELL & CLEMENT CO. 166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

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